

**A SECOND CHANCE
FOR SARKOZY?**
CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

the weekly

Standard

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JOY IN MUDVILLE

A fair-weather fan's notes

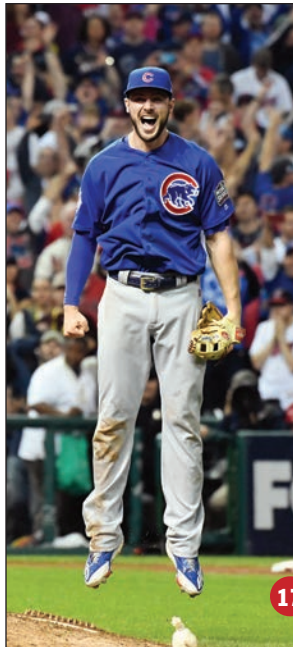
BY JOSEPH EPSTEIN

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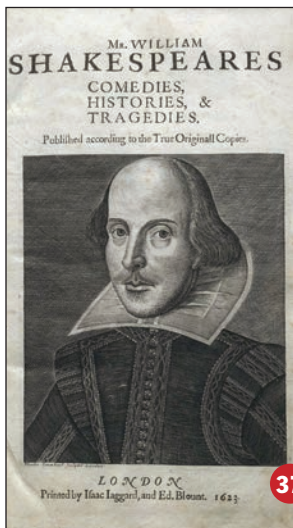
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COVER: NEWS.COM

The Klan Strikes Out

It's not clear which was more laughable, the cluelessness on display or the hapless effort to hide the cluelessness on display. THE SCRAPBOOK is referring to the embarrassing story that went up on the snarky *Mediaite* website (sort of a cross between the *Huffington Post* and *Gawker*) during game seven of the World Series. *Mediaite* senior writer Josh Feldman posted on the site a breathless headline: "Wait, What's That KKK Sign Doing at the World Series?"

Feldman hyperventilated: "It sure looked like there was a KKK sign somewhere at the Cubs-Indians Game 7 tonight." The writer hadn't seen the signs himself but was relying on a Twitter tizzy: "Nobody seen that kkk sign near the Cleveland stands???" tweeted one outraged viewer. "Bruh somebody got a KKK sign at the world series," tweeted another. Feldman spotted the tweets and thought he had himself a scoop about the racism pervasive in Amerikkka.

Of course, as even many non-baseball fans are aware, "K" is the symbol used to mark a strikeout when scoring a baseball game. (The K is written backwards if the batter takes the third strike looking.) Fans regularly hang "K" placards from the stands to celebrate each strikeout their pitch-

ers throw as the game goes along. After three strikeouts, one of course sees three Ks on display. KKK, in the real America, means decent pitching, not indecent racial animus.

Which returns us to the laughable and pathetic cluelessness of Feldman, who seems never to have seen a baseball game. Readers who did know a

ignorant tweets had been showcased and highlighted by *Mediaite*.

The site did provide an "update," which drily noted that the original post had "been updated to reflect the fact that it was NOT a KKK sign, it was signifying the number of strikeouts."

Back on Twitter, Feldman was eating crow. "Apologies for the f—up. Need to do more reading up on sportsing things," he wrote. And in another tweet he allowed, "This is what I get for knowing jacksh— about sports."

But THE SCRAPBOOK would suggest that Feldman's comeuppance is what he gets for knowing jacksh— about America. What country does he think this is to believe that baseball fans (and ones socio-economically elevated enough to afford World Series tix at that) would interrupt their enjoyment of the national pastime, during its marquee game no less, to do a little marketing for the Klan?

As hard as it may be for the wild-eyed left to believe, Ku Kluxers are not mainstream. They do not advertise at baseball games. They do not burn crosses in right field.

Now, to explain to Feldman that he doesn't need to call the police when he hears that a base has been stolen. ♦



White supremacy in Cleveland?

little about the game quickly scored Feldman's play an error. Which is when the hapless effort to hide the cluelessness came into play. The byline suddenly became "Mediaite Staff." The headline was quickly changed to read "Some Twitterers Thought There Was a KKK Sign at the World Series." Yes, and their

Ebbing Celebs

A *Washington Post* writer observed last week that while the presidential election campaign "has been a late-night host's dream come true," that does not necessarily mean it has been everyone else's dream come true. The late-night TV hosts—Stephen Colbert, Samantha Bee, John Oliver, Trevor Noah, Chelsea Handler, etc.—were united in their scorn for Donald Trump, and their "whooping

and barking" audiences approve "the rant, the tirade, the cutting quip" on cue: "Laughter has been replaced by shrieking assent."

Yet the jokes are indistinguishable from each other, Hank Stuever observes, and the responsive audience sounds tend to be "prolonged Beatlemania-like squeals of agreement. . . . The fun's all going to end—or at least shift considerably—in a few days, and then what?"

Well, THE SCRAPBOOK's considered

view is that if even the *Washington Post* finds the uniform "satire" of election-year comedy disconcerting, and more than a little tedious, imagine how unimaginative, unengaging, and unfunny it must be! And if Hillary Clinton should win the election—you may well know the answer by the time you read this—these stale late-night pantomime artists will be even less inventive and funny than usual, if that's possible.

Which brings THE SCRAPBOOK to the silver lining of this clouded

presidential season: the relative absence of show-biz, rock 'n' roll, hip-hop, stand-up, pop culture campaigners for either candidate. As always, the Republican nominee earned the allegiance of a handful of (decidedly uncool) entertainers such as Wayne Newton and Ted Nugent. But as the *New York Times* ruefully noted in a recent story—"Pop Musicians Get on the Bus (Mostly Clinton's)"—enthusiasm for the Democratic ticket was remarkably muted. Hillary Clinton has some fervent supporters out there in showbizland—pop stars Katy Perry and Jennifer Lopez, for example—but a surprising number of otherwise ubiquitous celebrities were either absent, offering tepid endorsements, or still licking their wounds from the Bernie Sanders campaign. They don't like Trump, but they're not especially enamored of Hillary, either.

In THE SCRAPBOOK's opinion, this is a source of relief, not concern. Readers with self-punishing memories will recall the evangelical fervor surrounding Barack Obama's 2008 campaign to deny Hillary Clinton the presidency: There were videos of actors and hip-hop musicians staring soulfully into cameras, bemoaning the horror of American life; there were rallies and giant concerts with star-studded casts and heartfelt pleas for hope and change. We remember, with particular delight, Stevie Wonder's a cappella rendition of an original hymn—presumably entitled "Barack Obama"—the lyrics of which consisted entirely of the candidate's name.

This year, there's none of that. As we say, showbizland has been nearly united in its disdain for Donald Trump and his followers—indeed, as usual, for Republicans in general. But this has not translated into equal fervor for Hillary Clinton. In 2016 there have been no neoclassical stage settings with the Clinton family bathed in soft light or videos featuring a series of comedians getting serious about voting for Hillary. No one has witnessed Tim Kaine sitting in with this-or-that baby boom band or Bill Clinton playing the tenor sax, surrounded by HBO stars. Even Ste-



vie Wonder has been uncharacteristically reticent. And for that, if for nothing else this curious year, we can be thankful. ♦

Pants on Fire

Throughout the 2016 campaign, it seemed to be the consensus view in the media that Donald Trump is a uniquely dishonest creature, obliging the selfsame media to take extraordinary steps, such as explicitly calling him a liar in news stories. THE SCRAPBOOK has no problem with calling liars liars, but the media's conceit of Trump's uniqueness when it comes to brazen dishonesty in politics is laughable.

Exhibit A is the presidency of Barack Obama. Most recently, Obama uncorked this howler, referring to voluminous Republican warnings about Obamacare: "None of what they said has happened."

Oh really? Obama repeatedly promised, "If you like your health insurance, you can keep it." He got reelected in spite of Mitt Romney warning this simply was not true, and the next year, some 8 million Americans were boot-ed off their insurance plans by the law. (Even PolitiFact made this its "Lie of the Year" in 2013.)

Obama also said, "I will not sign a [health care] plan that adds one dime to our deficits." But a Government

Accountability Office report in 2013 found the law was going to add \$6.2 trillion to the deficit over the next 75 years, prompting GOP senator Jeff Sessions to remark that the report “confirms everything critics and Republicans were saying about the faults of this bill.”

Obama also explicitly promised, to much scoffing, that family insurance premiums would go down \$2,500 on average as a result of the law. As of last year, employer-sponsored health insurance premiums have risen twice as fast as wages; deductibles have risen almost seven times as fast. Premiums are up on average nearly \$5,000.

Oh, and remember how angry Democrats were when South Carolina congressman Joe Wilson yelled “You lie!” during President Obama’s speech about health care reform in September 2009? Wilson’s outburst came in response to Obama’s assertion that the law would not provide insurance to illegal immigrants. Earlier this year, a report for the Senate Homeland Security and Governmental Affairs Committee found the government had handed out \$750 million in Obama-care subsidies to people unable to verify their citizenship.

Republicans further warned that the Obamacare exchanges weren’t stable and wouldn’t attract enough healthy and young consumers to keep costs down or risk pools stable. Well, in the past month we’ve learned that they were right again. Insurers are abandoning the system in droves, and large swaths of the country will have only one Obamacare plan available to them next year. Obamacare premiums are increasing nationwide an average of 22 percent, and some people have seen premiums more than double.

To be fair, one big GOP prediction didn’t come true. It turns out 30 million people have not lost employer health plans. But the *New York Times* reported earlier this year that this is because employers quickly figured out “desirable employees still expect health benefits.” In other words, no one wants a job that forces them to sign up for one of Obamacare’s double whammy high-deductible,

high-premium plans. If anything, the GOP underestimated how poorly implemented and received the law would be.

But don’t expect the media to take any extraordinary measures to inform the public of Obama’s pattern of politically motivated falsehoods, much less explicitly vindicate his GOP critics. ♦

Sentences We Didn’t Finish

“To discuss issues of political and artistic import, forums will run in the gallery’s open-floor space. Artists, historians, philosophers, activists and community members will speak on pressing social issues facing the United States: violence in the media; lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgender concerns; homelessness; migration; nationality; inclusion and exclusion. ‘Every 28 Hours,’ a theater performance inspired by the work of Black Lives Matter, will be held in the gallery. And on four dates leading up to the election, the museum planned free . . .” (“Where Art Meets Politics [And No One Fights],” *New York Times*, October 30). ♦

More Sentences We Didn’t Finish

“These are banner times for penises onscreen. In the last 18 months or so, I’ve seen casually naked men in . . .” (“Last Taboo: Why American pop culture just can’t deal with black male sexuality,” Wesley Morris, *New York Times Magazine*, October 30). ♦

What Happened?

As we mentioned last week, this issue is being printed the Friday before Election Day, but most subscribers will not receive it until after the results are known. A friendly reminder that as you wait for next week’s issue, with full coverage of the outcome, you should check out our website—early and often! Weekllystandard.com will be chockablock with up-to-date election news. ♦

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Fears of a Clown

As if America isn't suffering from enough anxieties in 2016, you may have noticed the country is gripped by a nationwide epidemic of creepy clown sightings. In fact, someone in a clown costume carrying an axe was recently spotted in a park a few miles from my house. This isn't technically illegal, but in Mark Hemingway's America, punishment for indulging in these sick amusements will be meted out with swift frontier justice.

A friend informs me that one theory gaining currency is that the clown sightings are the "manifestation of America's liminal fear of immigrants" or some such nonsense on stilts. Regardless, it sure seems like we woke up one day and collectively decided clowns were scary. More popular explanations for this involve childhood trauma or the realization that clown humor, with its broad affectations and ridicule, reminds us our sanity is more tenuous than previously thought. Stephen King and the serial killer John Wayne Gacy probably didn't help. Personally, I can't say I've ever been fond of clowns, but I now have acute adult-onset coulrophobia. And its origins aren't a mystery.

Some years ago, I went home to visit my parents. At the time, I hadn't actually been back to my childhood home in years. Visiting my parents 180 miles outside of Portland, Oregon, was always an expensive ordeal, and they'd either come to visit the grandkids or we'd meet up elsewhere.

The house had undergone some minor changes, two of them notable. One, my dad had set up an easel in the room off the back of the house. He is pretty much the opposite of the sensitive artist type—an engineer,

M.B.A., and Marine colonel—but he never lacked creative talent. I'd never actually seen him paint, but I grew up with a painting he'd done as a young man of a bullfight he saw in Spain. It won't be hanging on a wall at the Met anytime soon, but certainly it was impressive for a self-taught artist.

The second notable thing was that my mother, who'd always had a soft spot for certain kinds of collect-



ibles, had sprinkled the house with some clown figurines and the like. It turns out this was related to my father being roused from his artistic slumber. After some gentle inquiries, I learned my mother had found a painting of clowns that she liked, but my dad decided it was too expensive. So instead he painted one for her: Tucked in the corner of the living room was a small rectangular painting of clowns parading down Main Street of a small, nameless American town.

I found the clown decor a bit off-putting. I tried to tell Mom and Dad that, at best, it seemed downmarket for the otherwise tastefully appointed home of two people with graduate degrees. At worst, I reminded my father that clown paintings were

Gacy's preferred artistic medium. But they are strong personalities, and, whenever I register non-life-threatening concerns with my parents, their response is usually somewhere between diffident and amused. I shrugged it off and headed upstairs to my room to sleep.

The ceiling at the top of the stairs is slightly low, and I'm pretty tall, and I'd long since learned to be careful not to bump my head on it. Except this time, I got near the top of the stairs and saw another new painting brilliantly illuminated on the wall across the hallway. This one was fairly large, maybe three-feet high. It's a portrait of me, shoulders back, expression solemn. *And I'm dressed as a clown.*

Naturally, I lost my bearings, hit my head, and fell halfway down a flight of stairs. I picked myself up and ran screaming back into the kitchen, demanding answers. I honestly wish I'd stopped then, because when Dad actually explained himself, he told me, "Well, I didn't set out to paint a picture of you. It's just that everyone says it looks like you." The fact it was entirely subconscious for him to paint his own son as a clown makes it so much worse.

For my parents' sake, it should be said that they are kind and wonderful people and at least outwardly normal. But the older I get, the more I realize that no amount of ruthless self-appraisal will allow me to escape their eccentricities. I can only focus my energies on not screwing up my own children. So when, the other day, Grandma asked my kids if they wanted some of her clowns to be boxed up and shipped out along with the Halloween decorations she was giving them, I ran in from the other room shouting "NO!" I love my parents, but the cycle of generational clown terror ends with me.

MARK HEMINGWAY

Recycling Religiously?

In a case awaiting review by the Supreme Court, the Pacific Legal Foundation has filed a friend-of-the-court brief making an argument for one of the nation's fundamental principles—the equal protection of the law.

The case is *Trinity Lutheran Church of Columbia v. Sara Parker Pauley*. The church is located in Columbia, Mo., and Ms. Pauley is director of the Missouri Department of Natural Resources.

In 2012, Trinity Lutheran applied for a grant from the department's Scrap Tire Program. The church did so through its Child Learning Center, a day care and preschool located at the church. The grant would have allowed the church school to make its playground safer by replacing the pea gravel ground-cover with a forgiving rubber surface made from recycled tires.

The natural resources department, which administers the Scrap Tire Program, ranked Trinity Lutheran's application fifth best qualified out of 44 applications submitted in 2012. The department approved 14 of the applications, but rejected Trinity Lutheran's.

The department based its denial of the church's application on a provision in the state constitution providing that "no money shall ever be taken from the public treasury, directly or indirectly, in aid of any church, sect or denomination of religion." As U.S. Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit judge Raymond Gruender said in a partial dissent, "But for the fact that the Learning Center was run by a church, it would have received a playground-surfacing grant." The state made grants to less qualified nonreligious applicants.

Trinity Lutheran sued and has lost in lower courts. Now it will make its argument before the Supreme Court. The church is making three claims: one under the First Amendment's establishment clause, a second under its free exercise clause, and a third under the Fourteenth Amendment's equal protection clause.

It is the equal protection argument that is most interesting and is the focus of the Pacific Legal Foundation's supporting brief. The foundation argues that, while equal protection cases "most commonly address discrimination on the basis of race," the Supreme Court's equal protection decisions "reflect the view that differential

treatment on the basis of religion is just as intolerable."

Courts "generally analyze religious liberty claims under the religion clauses," the brief notes, but "unequal treatment on the basis of religion falls within the purview of the equal protection clause." The foundation says that Missouri violated the Constitution by excluding Trinity Lutheran from the Scrap Tire Program on the basis of religion.

Treating people differently on the basis of race is subject to "strict scrutiny," the Court's "most stringent standard of review." The Pacific Legal Foundation argues that "strict

scrutiny is just as appropriate" when classifications based on religion are under review. The foundation notes that lower court judges have applied strict scrutiny or its equivalents in a number of religious discrimination cases. Most notable perhaps is *Hassan v. City of New York*, which challenges an NYPD program monitoring Muslims after 9/11. The Third Circuit ruled last year in the case that "it has long been implicit in the Supreme Court's decisions that

religious classifications are treated like others traditionally subject to heightened scrutiny."

Under strict scrutiny, a challenged action must not only further a compelling state interest but be narrowly tailored to further that interest. The Pacific Legal Foundation says that in its treatment of Trinity Lutheran, Missouri fails both parts of that test.

"The only compelling interest the department has claimed is an interest in complying with the state constitution's establishment clause," the Pacific Legal Foundation argues. And "that interest cannot justify targeting religion in a way that violates the federal Constitution." Here the foundation offers instruction in constitutional law by quoting from *Reynolds v. Sims*, one of the best-known redistricting cases from the 1960s: "When there is an unavoidable conflict between the Federal and a State Constitution, the Supremacy Clause of course controls." That is to say, the Constitution of the United States trumps state constitutions.

And even if Missouri's actions were in pursuit of a compelling state interest, the Pacific Legal Foundation contends those actions were not narrowly tailored. "[F]unding safer playgrounds," the foundation argues, "does nothing to promote religion at the expense of secular



The Trinity playground, spring 2016

activities.” Or, to put it in the words of Judge Gruender, schoolchildren “playing on a safer rubber surface made from environmentally-friendly recycled tires has nothing to do with religion.”

By taking seriously unequal treatment on the basis of religion, the Pacific Legal Foundation has offered an understanding of equal protection and what it entails that is worthy of the Court’s attention. It has also shown how *Trinity Lutheran* could be decided—which is to say, narrowly (as our eight-justice Court might prefer), by distinguishing between religion and a playground.

—Terry Eastland

A Tale of Two Protests

In late October, a jury in Oregon acquitted Ammon Bundy and six codefendants for illegally occupying a building in the federal Malheur National Wildlife Refuge in a remote eastern part of the state. The protest, the subject of national news coverage in January, was in support of local ranchers given egregious five-year mandatory federal sentences for setting a controlled burn on federal land to protect their own property from wildfires. As soon as the acquittal was announced, there were howls of protest. The Bundy verdict was said to be a case of jury nullification. CNN, *Vox*, and other publications suggested in commentaries that the verdict was an instance of white privilege.

Occupying a federal facility is obviously illegal, even as a form of protest. Perhaps Bundy and company should have been convicted of *something*. However, the prosecution, which primarily charged the men with conspiring to impede federal workers, simply didn’t convince the jurors. According to one of them, “all 12 jurors felt that this verdict was a statement regarding the various failures of the prosecution to prove ‘conspiracy’ in the count itself—and not any form of affirmation of the defense’s various beliefs, actions or aspirations.” Far from nullification, this seems like a reasonable conclusion given the facts.

And despite the hysterical reaction to the protesters being armed—I grew up in eastern Oregon, and if you see a rancher carrying a gun it’s probably just a day ending in Y—the protest didn’t prove especially violent or unruly, with one big exception. It made national news when a protester was shot and killed by state police and FBI agents at a roadblock. What hasn’t made headlines is that a grand jury has been convened to investigate evidence tampering and misconduct related to the shooting. There are other legitimate questions about whether the FBI overstepped its bounds and acted

as provocateurs. There were no fewer than 15 confidential informants among the protesters, and the Bundy defense rested after the testimony of one of the FBI informants that he ran the shooting range that was set up for the protesters.

Meanwhile, there’s a different protest going on in North Dakota that should be cause for much more concern than the Bundy case. This time, however, the federal government is cheering it on. The Dakota Access Pipeline Project will transport 500,000 barrels of crude oil per day from the Bakken shale formation in North Dakota through South Dakota and Iowa, arriving at refineries in Illinois some 1,200 miles away. Over 99 percent of the pipeline will cross private land. Where it doesn’t—the pipeline crosses exactly 1,094 feet of federal land—the company behind the pipeline, Energy Transfer Partners, has received the necessary permits. To date, the pipeline is about half completed.

The Standing Rock Sioux tribe is trying to scuttle the project through disruptive protests in North Dakota on the grounds that the pipeline trespasses on Indian heritage lands. A federal judge looked at the Standing Rock claims and concluded that the tribe had been unresponsive to efforts to accommodate them and became engaged only at the last minute in an attempt to stop all progress on the pipeline. The judge noted that Energy Transfer Partners had extensively consulted archaeologists and cultural surveys and rerouted the pipeline “where this surveying revealed previously unidentified historic or cultural resources that might be affected.”

Despite this, in September, President Obama congratulated the Standing Rock tribe for “making your voices heard.” That’s an odd way of describing arson, vandalism, the killing of livestock, destruction of construction equipment, threatening law enforcement officers, and harassment of local residents. There have been over 120 arrests since August 11. Nearly all of the protesters are left-wing activists from out of state, such as Green party presidential candidate Jill Stein, who now has a warrant out for her arrest in North Dakota for trespassing and defacing private property. And on October 31, protester Red Fawn Fallis was charged with attempted murder. When cops closed in to move protesters off private property, she allegedly pulled out a .38 revolver and fired three shots at the police.

Local law enforcement is begging for help, but Attorney General Loretta Lynch refused to meet with National Sheriffs’ Association executive director Jonathan Thompson to discuss the situation. The Department of Justice has reportedly told the local U.S. attorney not to intervene. This selective law enforcement by the Obama administration offends every core American belief regarding the rule of law. Ranchers get five-year mandatory minimums for the federal crime of burning scrub brush, but the Justice Department issues stand-down orders while cops get shot at because those protesters are simpatico with the president’s environmental policy.

—Mark Hemingway

He Was One of a Kind, Alas

Remember H. R. Gross?

BY FRED BARNES

HR. Gross worked alongside Ronald Reagan at radio station WHO in Des Moines, Iowa, in the 1930s. Reagan did sports. Gross did news. But Gross's tie to Reagan isn't his claim to fame.

In 1948, Gross was elected to the House from Iowa after ousting a fellow Republican in the primary. Not much was expected of him. At 5-foot-6 and 135 pounds, he was not an imposing figure. He had a perpetually puckered expression and a receding hairline.

When he was preparing to give his maiden speech in the House, he asked a senior Republican from Michigan, Claire Hoffman, for advice. Gross should interrupt him during a speech on the House floor to ask a question, Hoffman said, and he would answer it. Gross did so, only to have Hoffman reply, "What possessed the gentleman from Iowa to ask such a stupid question?"

Gross had been sandbagged for the first and last time. He was a fast learner. And in the early 1950s, he emerged as a congressman to reckon with. He was clever, knowledgeable, focused, and tireless in ways no other congressman could match or even tried to. Gross adopted a single goal: cut spending from every piece of legislation that crossed the House floor. And he used all the tools a lone Republican could muster in a Democratic House.

His tactics set him apart. He was always on the floor when the House was in session. The notion that the important work of Congress took

place in committees was lost on Gross. He read every bill that would be taken up on the floor. No one else did. He was willing to do things that not only slowed bills from being voted on but would drive his colleagues crazy. He didn't mind inconveniencing them.



H. R. Gross pauses for a photographer to celebrate the defeat of a federal pay raise bill that would have included increases of \$10,000 a year for congressmen, judges, and cabinet members, March 12, 1964.

He rejected Speaker Sam Rayburn's advice "to get along, go along." Gross didn't go along.

And that's how he became well-known and admired by grassroots conservatives. Two traits helped him. He had a big voice and was fearless. He never liked John F. Kennedy and wife Jacqueline and was unfazed by their popularity. He criticized their "high living" at the White House. He and wife Hazel didn't socialize after

dark in Washington. She didn't own a ball gown, he noted. After President Kennedy was assassinated, he opposed giving his widow a pension. "She certainly didn't need it," Gross said.

Then came what was later called "the single most curmudgeonly act in the history of Congress." He argued against an "eternal flame" at JFK's gravesite because the gas to keep it burning would cost too much. When the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts was planned, he challenged its price tag as lowballing. The Washington newspapers—three at the time—denounced him furiously. But he was right: It cost more than advertised.

He was also witty. He didn't like NASA or the space program. "Well," he said, "even if we don't get to the moon first, we'll be there first with foreign aid." A national aquarium would be a "glorified fish pond." He referred to an overseas trip by President Truman as "a lush travel orgy." His scorn was bipartisan. He sought to slash spending in measures favored by Republican presidents Eisenhower and Nixon.

In 1984, a decade after Gross retired from Congress, President Reagan stopped by WHO radio and reminisced with him. Did Gross think Reagan had the qualities of a president as a young man? "No," Gross said. "He was a Democrat. He belonged to the wrong party." Reagan responded that he "outgrew that." Yes, Gross said, "he outgrew it."

One could go on. When former senator Jon Kyl of Arizona worked in his father's House office one summer—Rep. John Henry Kyl was an Iowa colleague of Gross's—he would go to the House gallery to watch the man in action. "I was a big fan," Kyl says. Gross would spot union officials in the audience and make fun of them, Kyl recalls. "He didn't compromise." There's a role "for such people. The problem is you have to combine it with something that's practical."

About once a decade, there's a call for a new H. R. Gross in the House. In

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BETTMANN ARCHIVE / GETTY

2009, Republican consultant Ed Rolins remembered Gross and quoted him. “May his soul inspire his fellow Republicans” to protect “those taxpayers H.R. so loved and ‘save the taxpayers from bankruptcy.’”

In a scholarly paper entitled “The Power of Prickliness: Iowa’s H.R. Gross in the U.S. House of Representatives,” David Schwieder of Susquehanna University and Dorothy Schwieder of Iowa State investigated how much Gross saved in federal spending. “Some evidence suggests that spending bills were trimmed, revised, or even killed in anticipation of Gross’s response,” they wrote. “This hidden exercise of power” can be powerful “but difficult to detect, measure, or study.”

The Schwieders conclude: “A Congress filled with men like Gross would be unworkable, but Congress nonetheless needs one man like H.R. Gross.” There are two problems with this advice. First, what’s wrong with “unworkable” if it puts the clamps on spending from time to time? Second, why not two, three, many more H.R. Gross acolytes? There would be plenty for them to do.

The biggest problem in Washington is the emergence of a fourth branch of government, the administrative state. And Congress is responsible for allowing it to become a powerful, unelected, and very liberal force. A new H.R. on the floor could concentrate on starving the spending that keeps so many bureaucrats on paid duty.

But the more important work would be aimed at reducing their power. Another Gross, maybe two or three, could be assigned to read every bill to find the instances of giving the administrators the job of writing the rules and regulations that determine what the bill actually does. There will be a multitude of these.

House speaker Paul Ryan touches on this in his plan for restoring constitutional government. That cannot be achieved without dramatically reducing the power of the administrative state. It’s a task H.R. Gross would have loved. ♦

Presiding over Chaos

The meaning of Michel Aoun’s election.

BY LEE SMITH

On October 31, the Lebanese parliament elected Michel Aoun president, ending a two-and-a-half-year stalemate during which the country had no head of state. The presidency is reserved for the country’s Maronite Christian sect, so Christians there are celebrating the election of the controversial 81-year-old former general as a gesture of reconciliation for an often divided community. The excitement is unlikely to last. The presidency is one of the last remaining tokens of the Maronites’ fading power in Lebanon, and there is trouble ahead, not just for the Christian community but for Lebanon and the Middle East at large.

The election is unlikely to alleviate the country’s most serious problems. There is a refugee crisis, which, according to some estimates, has left some 2 million Syrian, mostly Sunni, refugees in a country of 3.8 million with limited resources. And the red-hot war in neighboring Syria will continue to exacerbate sectarian tensions in Lebanon, a country still reeling from its own civil war, which saw 150,000 killed between 1975 and 1990.

Aoun is a stubborn man given to fits of incoherent rage that may owe to a medical condition. He was a fierce opponent of the Syrian regime in the years of the Lebanese civil war. During his 15-year exile in Paris, from 1990 to 2005, his young followers in the Free Patriotic Movement risked jail, torture, and death by opposing the Syrian occupation of Lebanon.

Shortly after his return home, though, the volatile Aoun changed

sides. He became an ally of Hezbollah, Lebanon’s Shiite militia, which is allied with the Assad regime in Syria and backed by Iran. Over the last half-decade, he rallied supporters around open contempt for the country’s Sunni community and its erstwhile patron, Saudi Arabia. Many commentators believe Aoun’s presidency is clear evidence that Hezbollah, and therefore Iran, has defeated Saudi Arabia and the Sunnis for full control of Lebanon. There’s some truth to that, but it’s beside the point.

Contrary to the belief of many, including many Lebanese, Lebanon is not, or is no longer, a prime battleground for regional and international actors. The election of Aoun is mainly significant as a symptom of a larger dynamic playing out across the Middle East. And that dynamic is a grim one that our next president will find very difficult to change, thanks to the misfeasance of the Obama administration.

Aoun has wanted the presidency for most of his adult life. He believed a memorandum of understanding he signed with Hezbollah in 2006 would guarantee him the job and assumed he was next in line after the term of Michel Suleiman ended in 2014. However, a large part of the Christian community didn’t want Aoun, especially the Lebanese Forces led by Samir Geagea, against whom Aoun had waged a fratricidal war in the late 1980s that permanently weakened the Christian community. The main Sunni bloc, the Future movement led by former prime minister Saad Hariri, was also opposed to Aoun’s nomination. More to the point, because Hezbollah had all that it wanted from Lebanon anyway, it saw

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no need to deliver the presidency to its new Christian ally.

Last winter, the electoral calculation changed when Geagea came out in support of Aoun. But Geagea's one-time ally Hariri backed a different candidate for the presidency, Suleiman Frangieh, a childhood friend of Bashar al-Assad. Hariri's choice revealed a divided Sunni community, much of which was astonished that Lebanon's most important Sunni leader would back the bagman of a regime slaughtering Sunnis in Syria.

So Aoun kept his portion of the Christian bloc from providing a quorum in parliament, which therefore could not elect a president. When Hariri finally changed his tune and decided to back Aoun—in exchange for Aoun's vow to return him to the premiership after several years of exile in Riyadh and Paris—a deal fell into place. It only needed the approval of Hezbollah's Hassan Nasrallah.

Here is the source of a significant misunderstanding. Many observers believe this election signifies that Lebanon has now come fully under Hezbollah management. But this has been the case already for years. Hezbollah has controlled key Lebanese institutions, especially the security and military portfolios, since the Syrian withdrawal from Lebanon in 2005. Hezbollah's instigation of war against Israel in 2006 was further proof that it had final say over the country's foreign policy. That Iran's praetorian guard on the eastern Mediterranean has now placed some 150,000 rockets and missiles aimed at Israel throughout Lebanon reinforces the fact that Hezbollah alone has the power to make life-and-death decisions of state, affecting the fate of millions of Lebanese, whether they back the group or oppose it. What the election shows is that Hezbollah

has finally replicated the system of its patron, the Islamic Republic of Iran.

"Analysts have long misunderstood what it means for Iran to export the Islamic revolution," says Tony Badran, research fellow at the Foundation for Defense of Democracies. "It's not about forcing veils on women, or forbidding alcohol, or anything like that. Rather, it's about replicating

appointment of the president of Lebanon—it's okay, because Nasrallah says it's okay. He's the supreme leader."

Aoun's inaugural speech on October 31 made clear that his plans for the presidency conform with official, i.e., Hezbollah, policy. "As for the struggle with Israel," he said, "we will not spare any effort or resistance in order to liberate Lebanese land still under occupation and to protect our country against an enemy that still covets our land, our waters, and our natural resources." Aoun promotes the idea that Lebanon should continue its state of war against Israel because Hezbollah, which has placed rockets and missiles pointed at Israel throughout the entire country, wants him to.

And then there was Aoun's claim that his "priority and obsession will be the project of strengthening the Lebanese Armed Forces and upgrading its capabilities so that our army can become capable of deterring all kinds of aggressions against our country." In a phone call with John Kerry, when the secretary of state called to congratulate him, Aoun stressed how important it is for the United States to continue funding the LAF. Kerry assured him that the United States stands with Lebanon and is committed to supporting "the LAF in confronting terrorism and to strengthen stability."

Since Hezbollah entered the war to prop up Assad in Syria, the Lebanese Armed Forces have served as the party's strategic depth—covering Hezbollah's rear flank against domestic adversaries while patrolling certain Sunni regions on the Lebanese side of the border that Hezbollah needs pacified but to which it cannot commit resources. As Saudi Arabia came to understand that the LAF was nothing but a Hezbollah auxiliary force, Riyadh withdrew its pledge of \$3 billion in military aid and equipment in February



Above, Michel Aoun, right, greets prime-minister-designate Saad Hariri, October 31; below, Free Patriotic Movement supporters celebrate Aoun's election.



the Islamic Republican system. Sure, there's a political system with ostensibly independent actors . . . but what matters is the parallel system. In Iran the important parallel institution is the Revolutionary Guard. In Lebanon it's Hezbollah. The real head of state and government isn't the president or prime minister but the supreme leader, who is the arbiter of anything that matters. In Iran that's Ali Khamenei. And this is the stage we've reached with the

2016. That was one of the first signs that the Saudis, under the new management of King Salman, had decided Lebanon was a bad investment.

The Saudis had already stopped seeing Lebanon as a venue for challenging Tehran. Partly that's because Riyadh lost faith in Hariri. The breaking point, one senior Saudi official told me recently, was when Lebanon went against Saudi Arabia at the Arab League and voted not to condemn Iran for destroying the Saudi embassy in Tehran (retaliation for the Saudi execution of dissident Shiite cleric Nimr al-Nimr in January). "Even Iraq abstained," the official told me. "But here are our own people in Lebanon"—meaning Hariri's movement—"voting against us."

The Saudis gave up on Lebanon because they believed Syria was a more important place than Lebanon to challenge the Iranian order. To their dismay, they found that in Syria, as in Lebanon, the Obama administration had effectively taken Iran's side.

In 2014 Obama wrote a letter to Ali Khamenei promising Iran's supreme leader that he wouldn't touch Assad. As he explained in a December 2015 press conference, the United States would respect Iran's "equities" in Syria. John Kerry recently reconfirmed the White House's position when he explained the United States wasn't going to target the Lebanese terror outfit in Syria because "Hezbollah is not plotting against us." In Lebanon, that meant the United States would protect Hezbollah by sharing intelligence with the Lebanese Armed Forces.

As Kerry's remarks to Aoun illustrate, the White House's Lebanon policy is centered on the LAF. American funding of Lebanon's army may have made some bureaucratic sense a decade ago when it was possible, if unrealistic, to argue that a strengthened LAF might offer a counterweight to Hezbollah. But the conflict in Syria has underscored that the LAF these days is, as the Saudis understand, an auxiliary of Hezbollah. The administration believes the same thing—which is why it fed intelligence to the LAF, knowing that Iran would be pleased. The White

House not only promised Hezbollah freedom of movement in Syria, it also shored up the organization's defenses in Lebanon.

Obama's anodyne language describing how the Saudis need to "share" the Middle East with Iran obscured the fact that he was actively backing Iranian interests against the wishes of American allies. Continued American support of the LAF, and therefore Hezbollah, was just one facet of a larger regional strategy that saw the White House repeatedly coordinating with Iran and Iranian assets to the detriment of Sunnis—in Syria and Iraq as well as in Lebanon. The whirlwind reaped from Obama's realignment with Iran has dragged in others as well, like Lebanon's Christian community, which, thanks to the election of Hezbollah ally Michel Aoun, is now on a collision course with the region's Sunni Arab majority.

Can Lebanon's Christians survive their choice? Who knows? Sure, it puts them in the middle of a perpetual war against the Sunnis, but the Iranian axis they're now aligned with is doing pretty well. Tehran likes to boast that it's now in control of four Arab capitals—Beirut, Baghdad, Damascus, and Sanaa (Yemen); it's got Russian support and a nuclear arms program on the way. More to the point, it has the backing of the Obama administration.

And what of the next administration? Year upon year, Obama has dismantled a security order laboriously constructed in the Middle East over decades. Old friends no longer trust Washington, and old enemies are on the march. Destruction, alas, is more efficient than creation. Even a president determined to restore American credibility and order—and who knows when we will have such a leader—is unlikely to undo all the damage. ♦

Churchill in Washington

A new library devoted to the great statesman opens in the nation's capital. **BY TED BROMUND**

Monuments to Winston Churchill abound in the United Kingdom. You can remember the greatest man of the 20th century at his birthplace, Blenheim Palace, or by his grave nearby at Bladon. Then there are the Cabinet War Rooms in London, his country house, Chartwell, and, of course, the magnificent Churchill Archives Centre in Churchill College at Cambridge University. As the simple memorial in Westminster Abbey—next to the statue of Churchill in Parliament Square—puts it, there is no shortage

of occasions to "remember Winston Churchill" in Britain.

The United States yields to no nation in the honor it pays to Churchill, but has, inevitably, fewer memorials to him than does Britain. At Westminster College in the small town of Fulton, Missouri, the site of Churchill's "Iron Curtain" speech, stands the National Churchill Museum. (The museum is distinguished by the incongruous yet wonderful Church of St. Mary the Virgin; designed in the 17th century by Christopher Wren, the building was carried stone by bombed stone from London.) There are recently installed Churchill busts in the U.S. Capitol and the Pentagon.

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But few people will stop to see a bust or take a road trip to Fulton. That's where the National Churchill Library and Center comes in. Dedicated October 29, it resides in George Washington University's Gelman Library in Washington, D.C. Given Churchill's many visits to the city, it's an apt location. Of his 16 trips to the United States, 13 included a stop in Washington. He addressed three joint sessions of Congress and parlayed with presidents—Roosevelt, Truman, and Eisenhower—11 times. His son Randolph and grandson Winston visited on his behalf to accept his honorary citizenship from John F. Kennedy in a Rose Garden ceremony in 1963.

Initial funds for the library were raised by the Churchill Centre, until recently based in Chicago. The center publishes an excellent quarterly, *Finest Hour*, as part of its wider mission to preserve Churchill's legacy. The library is both a culmination of the vision of the Churchill Centre and its chairman, Laurence Geller, and a new beginning for it. With the opening at GWU, the center moves to Washington, assumes the name of the International Churchill Society, and merges institutionally with the Fulton Museum, thereby bringing all the U.S. platforms dedicated to Churchill under the same leadership.

Churchill is in no danger of being forgotten. But the memory of 1940—like that of the Great War, as we used to call it—can only fade. Keeping the thought of it evergreen requires building institutions that encourage people to remember, or to learn if they are too young to have anything to remember. It also requires defending those institutions: It will take no little determination by director Michael Bishop if the library is not to fall prey to the academic distaste for military and political history (not to say of dead white men) that has so diminished the American academy over the past decades.

The library already holds a collection of primary sources: Churchill's wartime appointment diaries, which can be viewed (and are being transcribed) online. One priority for future fundraising is to endow a

unicorn—or rather, a new GWU professorship in modern British history, a thing rarer in the contemporary academy than any creature of myth. Another priority is to finish the build-out of the National Churchill Library and Center and give it a public entrance, which it badly needs to avoid being entombed in the basement of the Gelman Library.

Above all, the library has the task of encouraging Churchill memory without devolving into Churchill worship. Like any great man or woman, Churchill is big enough to

the cultural. He had a deep respect for the Constitution, even if he believed it drew lines with a clarity that the unwritten British constitution had more wisely left blurred. And like any sane observer, he often disliked the policies of American governments: He may or may not have said Americans would only do the right thing after they had exhausted all the alternatives—but if the words are doubtful, the sentiment hits home. What truly distinguished Churchill was his belief that the English and the Americans share a political culture



The entrance to the National Churchill Library and Center

stand on his own: If treated fairly, he will come through. Americans are sometimes inclined to fall into the belief that Churchill, with his American mother, his many visits, and his championing of the “special relationship,” was a sentimental admirer of the United States. This is nonsense. Churchill was many things, but above all he was a British patriot, and patriotic statesmen don't consult the interests of other nations until they have first consulted their own. Churchill was—as historian Andrew Roberts reminded attendees at the International Churchill Conference held in concert with the GWU dedication—an emotional man, easily moved to tears. But a soppy sentimentalist he was not.

Churchill's thought on the United States moved in three realms at once: the structural, the governmental, and

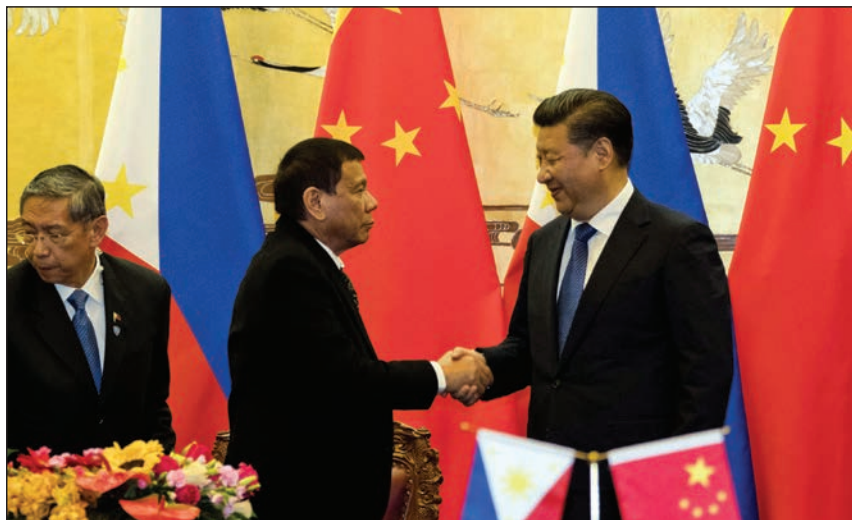
that emphasizes the value of the individual. This was not sentiment—or if it was, it was sentiment in the service of statecraft, for it reflected a considered understanding of the relationship between culture, politics, and freedom.

The National Churchill Library and Center has a lot to navigate: the toxic obsessions of the academy, the ever-present need for fundraising, and a city already full of events, book launches, and wannabe great men. But as Churchill once observed, the psychology of the Americans is that “the bigger the Idea the more wholeheartedly and obstinately do they throw themselves into making it a success. It is an admirable characteristic, providing the Idea is good.” With the new Churchill library, let us hope, GWU has committed to a big Idea—and surely a good one. ♦

A Friendship on the Rocks

The disastrous turn in U.S.-Philippine relations.

BY CESAR CONDA



Is this where I kowtow? Duterte meets his new BFF, China's Xi Jinping, October 20.

Philippine president Rodrigo Duterte's announced "separation" from the United States and his anti-American rhetoric have left the four million Filipinos and Filipino-Americans like me who live in this country perplexed and troubled. Many of us have friends and family in the Philippines who benefit from the longstanding close relationship with the United States, built on economic and security factors as well as shared respect and history in defending freedom. However, if Duterte continues down his current path—calling American policymakers "monkeys" and "fools" while cozying up to Beijing in a high-profile meeting with Chinese leaders—our mutually beneficial alliance could be irreparably damaged.

The U.S.-Philippine relationship

Cesar Conda was chief of staff to Senator Marco Rubio and is a former assistant for domestic policy to Vice President Dick Cheney.

was perhaps never stronger than after Typhoon Haiyan hit the Philippines in late 2013. I experienced the aftermath of this tragedy firsthand when I accompanied my former boss, Senator Marco Rubio, on a January 2014 Senate Foreign Relations Committee fact-finding trip. Our mission included a visit to Tacloban, the largest city in the Eastern Visayas region. Haiyan was so powerful it damaged or leveled every single house, school, and structure in Tacloban. Over 6,000 had died, many from 15-foot-high storm surges from which there was no escape.

Senator Rubio and I met mothers, fathers, and children who had lost their entire families to the storm. Yet despite being only weeks removed from these horrific losses, they greeted us with smiles and expressed their deep gratitude for American assistance. Many said that the sight of the George Washington Carrier Strike Group in the Leyte Gulf just days after the devastation gave them their first ray of hope

for recovery. Nearly 13,000 U.S. service members participated in the post-disaster relief efforts. Altogether, the United States contributed \$20 million in assistance to our ally. For comparison, China provided under \$2 million in aid, less even than the \$2.7 million donated by furniture retailer IKEA.

As an American of Filipino descent, I was never so proud of my country. I remain awestruck by the capabilities of our military and the power of American engagement abroad to help others in need. I was equally proud of the remarkable fighting spirit of the Filipinos I met in Tacloban.

During our visit the United States and the Philippines were concluding the Enhanced Defense Cooperation Agreement (EDCA), designed to strengthen cooperative security capacities and efforts in disaster relief and humanitarian assistance. It seemed at the time that the U.S.-Philippine strategic relationship, which has had its ups and downs over the past 70 years, was being built to last far into the future.

Less than three years later, all that has changed. Since Duterte took office in June, following his victory in the May presidential elections, his centerpiece policy of a no-holds-barred crackdown on narcotics has led to thousands of deaths, many of them extrajudicial vigilante killings. A planned U.S. sale of 26,000 rifles for police there was canceled by the State Department last week, amid unease on Capitol Hill, leading to Duterte's "monkeys" and "fools" speech. "I was rude at them, because they were rude at me," he said.

But this has been his style since taking office. He calls President Obama a "son of a whore," mocks Americans as "bullies," and says Filipinos in America "don't count." He not only demands a separation from America in favor of a higher-priority relationship with Communist China, but wants all American troops out of the Philippines in two years.

This "vertigo-inducing" change in Philippine foreign policy, as Council on Foreign Relations scholar Max Boot aptly describes it, threatens to

NG HAN GUAN / AFP / GETTY

undermine the security and prosperity of the Asian-Pacific democracies. Without a regular rotational American military presence in the Philippines, there is no check on China's aggressive territorial claims in the South China Sea, which is an essential gateway for regional and global commerce.

Duterte appears to be channeling concerns about the Philippines' vulnerability to Beijing, yet his rhetoric runs the risk of making the country even weaker. Chinese expansionism is on the rise, and Beijing will not respect the interests of the Philippines if they conflict with China's long-term goals. Although most Americans understand that alliances are based on mutual interests, allies who make a habit of hurling insults at the United States alienate not just the American people but their elected representatives.

For the Philippines and its people, the repercussions of Duterte's presidency could be momentous. First, if America's security blanket can no longer be taken for granted, it will raise uncertainty, thereby causing investment capital—the seed corn of jobs and growth—to flee to safer havens. S&P Global Ratings warns of “rising uncertainties surrounding the stability, predictability, and accountability” of the Duterte administration, potentially leading to a downgrade in the Philippines' investment grade rating.

Second, remittances sent home from Filipinos in America could decline. In 2015, U.S. remittances totaled approximately \$8 billion, more than 10 times the amount flowing from China. But remittances have flattened in recent months, and Filipinos living in America may not be willing to continue to open their pocketbooks given Duterte's disregard for them and hostility toward America.

Finally, it is foolish for Duterte to think that increased economic engagement with China can take the place of a positive relationship with the United States. The United States—consistently one of the largest foreign contributors to the Philippines—invested over \$730 million in the country in 2015, while China invested less than \$1 million during that same period,

according to the Central Bank of the Philippines. And while Chinese infrastructure projects brought on by recent deals may appear to be beneficial on paper, many African and Latin American countries have been fleeced by similar deals in the past, which often left the Chinese investor better off than the recipient.

President Duterte himself admits that degrading his country's relationship with Washington and cutting off American assistance could result in “a lesser quality of life” for his people. Further, his actions threaten

the bond between Filipinos and Filipino-Americans formed under the umbrella of the unique, 70-year U.S.-Philippine partnership. Perhaps he hopes his virulent anti-American rhetoric can be calibrated to please his new Chinese strategic partners, while he simultaneously maintains tenuous ties with the United States. If so, it is a dangerous calculation. Because there are limits to how much anti-American vitriol can be tolerated before America's friendship with and support for the Philippines is permanently undermined. ♦

If Not Free Trade, Then What?

A better version of ‘fair trade.’

BY CHARLES WOLF JR.

Despite innumerable and sharp disagreements between them, Hillary Clinton and Donald Trump have surprisingly congruent positions on free trade, both suggesting it has adversely affected jobs and wages in the United States.

The two presidential candidates share a keen distaste for free trade agreements, contending that, by exporting jobs abroad, they depress wages and jobs domestically. Clinton and Trump criticize existing free trade agreements, such as the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA), and oppose prospective ones, in particular the 12-nation Trans-Pacific Partnership (TPP).

What this negative focus on trade deals fails to recognize, though, is that the downward pressure on jobs and wages has been mainly due not

to the export of jobs abroad but to a decline in the growth rate of U.S. labor productivity.

Before the Great Recession of 2008, labor productivity in non-farm businesses increased 2-3 percent a year. Since 2009, labor productivity has stagnated. Slow or negative productivity growth reduces what employers are able to pay employees, exerts a drag on employment, and reduces the ability of domestic producers to compete with foreign producers.

The opponents of free trade have newly rediscovered “fair trade”—something that, although not clearly defined by the candidates, is implied by them and their campaigns and is presumed to be reconcilable with protecting U.S. jobs and wages.

So, what is fair trade?

The concept's modern history starts with the 1933 National Industrial Recovery Act (NRA), which sought to counter the Great Depression's deep deflation by raising producers' prices and linking those increases to higher pay for workers.

Charles Wolf Jr., the distinguished chair in international economics at the nonpartisan, nonprofit RAND Corporation and a senior research fellow at the Hoover Institution, died on October 24.

NRA was mainly concerned with domestic transactions, but was also intended to apply to foreign trade.

The fair trade concept has since been invoked to shore-up the price of products (both raw materials and manufactures) coming from emerging markets. The idea has been to assist those countries' economic development—with the side-benefit of keeping such products from undercutting the price of domestic goods.

A third strand of fair trade calls for debate and transparency in setting quotas, tariffs, and nontariff barriers in trade agreements. This strand is concerned with how agreements on trade restrictions are reached, rather than the agreements' content.

Most recently, fair trade has entailed attention to the environmental consequences of growing trade, with the goal of avoiding or at least limiting the adverse effects trade may have on climate and pollution.

The bottom line of all the strands is that none of them has been successful from the standpoint of those most affected by them. Where fair trade has contributed to higher market prices, beneficiaries considered the benefits to be insufficient, while those paying higher prices regarded the costs as excessive; and where fair trade led to lower prices, buyers considered the reductions to be insufficient, while producers viewed the reductions as excessive.

"Fair trade" has never had clear, quantifiable standards for judging what's fair. I would propose the following criterion, what I call the "Market-Access, Most-Favored-Nation Criterion of Fairness"—that is, assured access by U.S. businesses to markets in partner countries equivalent to access that businesses from partner countries have in U.S. markets.

According to this criterion, when U.S. firms sell products and services to trading partners, the sales should be at the same prices received by domestic firms of the partner countries for

the same or similar products and services. Likewise, when U.S. firms buy products and services from trading-partner countries, they should pay the same prices as would domestic firms of these countries when purchasing similar products and services. The rationale for the criterion is that sometimes our trading partners—China is an example—have designated domestic "favorites" that are

issues amounts to more than 150 pages. Among the specific areas cited by the United States as unresolved are pharmaceuticals, dairy products, and intellectual property rights. All of the 11 other signatories cite many other issues—products, services, scheduling—that they consider to be unresolved.

So, TPP contains much that is complicated, unresolved, and obscure. It is an agreement that is more about *how* than about *what*. I would hope and expect that invoking the market-access criterion could help to advance resolution of "what."

The market-access criterion would seek agreement by TPP participants to accord to U.S. firms and businesses access in the partnering countries' markets that is at least equivalent to the access that is accorded to the partners' firms and businesses in U.S. markets. For products and services that U.S. firms and businesses wish to export to partnering countries, the sales

would be at or near prices charged for these or similar products and services in the United States, net of transportation and related costs. For products and services that U.S. firms and businesses seek to import from signatory countries, the purchases would be at or near prices paid for these or similar products and services by firms and businesses of the partner countries.

Finally, let's return to the U.S. presidential election—in particular, how the candidates might react to this interpretation of fairness. As things stand, with hyper-charged invective and animosity pervading the campaign, neither Clinton nor Trump would likely have the remotest interest in considering the matter, despite their prior agreement on the subject. But come November 9, that may change. It may not be unrealistically hopeful to anticipate a willingness to define and implement a concept of "fair trade" that is not antitrade. ♦



Wait—how much are the locals paying?

accorded preferential prices (higher for their sales, lower for their purchases) relative to the prices received by or charged to foreign firms. "Fairness" is belied by this practice.

How would this criterion work if applied to the pending and uncertain future of TPP? Let's start by summarizing the draft TPP signed by the 12 signatories in February 2016. The text of TPP consists of a brief introduction plus two chapters—a dozen-page statement of general principles about transparency and dialogue as essential for arriving at trade agreements in general and for TPP in particular. The document then contains a series of annexes, notes, and commentaries by each of the 12 signatories in which they specify the exceptions, omissions, and postponements that the signatories anticipate in their efforts to implement the general principles enunciated in the opening chapters. The extensive addenda of unresolved

Joy in Mudville

A fair-weather fan's notes

By JOSEPH EPSTEIN

Not the least of the benefits of the Chicago Cubs winning the 2016 World Series is that it figures to put a stop to all the tosh written and talked for decades now about the team as lovable losers. On the eve of the Cubs' return to Wrigley Field after the second game of the series, a local news-broadcaster, a woman named Cheryl Burton, striking the characteristic note of nauseating sentimentality associated with the Cubs, remarked, "The journey is about more than baseball." I found myself replying to the television screen, "Sweet-heart, if you believe that, there's a nice three-flat in downtown Aleppo I'd like to show you."

Local television news shows in recent weeks have dragged out World War II veterans, women in their late nineties and beyond in Cubs shirts, and everything but prehistoric animals to relate their memories of the Cubs and their joy in the prospect of ending the longest non-winning streak in sports history. As everyone by now surely knows, the Cubs last appeared in a World Series in 1945, when they lost to the Detroit Tigers, and last won a World Series in 1908, when in five games they defeated—one wants to tap in here Hannibal and the Carthaginians—the Detroit Tigers. The local joke has it that, hell, any team can have a bad century, though of course no other has.

Apart from the obvious nonsense about the curse of the billy goat—applied it was said when a local Greek named William Sianis wasn't allowed to bring a billy goat into the

Chicago



Third baseman Kris Bryant reacts to the final out.

fourth game of the 1945 World Series—perhaps the greatest bit of tosh of all has the Chicago Cubs as the team of the Jews. Some *meshugener* rabbi in Israel wrote a column in the *Jerusalem Post* suggesting that a Cubs victory in the World Series might herald the coming of the Jewish messiah, with Theo Epstein, the team's president, in the role of Moses. A woman named Danya Ruttenberg, writing in *Tablet*, noted that "my brother is a Cubs fan the way I am a Jew," adding that she happens to be a rabbi. The *New York Times*

ran an op-ed under the title "The Cubs Reach the Promised Land. Now What?" The author of the piece wrote: "To me, the Cubs seemed like the Hebrews, wandering for decades in the wilderness. Moses understood that it would take a new generation, un-wrecked by the past, to claim the promised land. For the Cubs, that new generation has finally arrived." (This Moses, a right-handed power hitter, was he not, though a sucker for a four-seam cutter.) The parallel breaks down, however, when one considers that the Jews wandered the desert for a mere 40 years while the Cubs have been stumbling about for the past 108 years without winning a World Series.

I was myself queried by an earnest reporter from the *Wall Street Journal* about this notion of the Cubs being the team of the Jews. I replied that I had nothing of interest to say on the subject, and, far from being the team of the Jews, before the advent of Theo Epstein as the team's president, I could not imagine a more goy-esque enterprise than that of the Chicago National League franchise. For decades, before being bought by its current owners, the Ricketts family, whose paterfamilias Joe Ricketts founded TD Ameritrade, the online discount stock brokerage firm, the Cubs were owned and run by the Chicago Tribune Company. The *Trib*, during World War II and for decades thereafter, was not allowed in many Jewish homes—it wasn't in ours by order

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of my father—because of its owner Colonel Robert McCormick’s isolationist, anti-British policy.

With a single exception, the pitcher Kenny Holtzman, Cubs rosters have been notably *Judenrein*. Ernie Banks, the team’s Hall of Fame shortstop, then first baseman, later on the payroll as goodwill ambassador, used to represent what I long thought the Cubs’ hopeless empty optimism with his mantra, “Let’s play two.” I have for a good while now been



The 1908 Chicago Cubs pose with a mascot.

attempting, without great success, to circulate the rumor that what Ernie, talking to Kenny Holtzman, was really saying was “Let’s play, Jew!”

Fairly early in life an American boy makes three decisions that he tends to live with for the rest of his days: boxer or jockey shorts, Democrat or Republican party, National or American League. I chose the former in all three cases—boxers, Democrats, National League—though I long ago abandoned my original political and more recently half my baseball decisions. I ceased thinking of myself as a Democrat when the party nominated George McGovern for president, and a decade or so ago I came out and courageously declared myself a baseball bisexual.

By baseball bisexual I mean I cheer on both the Cubs and the Chicago White Sox, which in this city one is not supposed to do. Sox fans loathe Cubs fans, and on any given day a White Sox victory is complete only if on the same day the Cubs lose. Cubs fans meanwhile look upon the White Sox with an almost disdainful indifference. Sox fans tend to be working class, Cubs fans middle class. Cubs fans think of White Sox fans as *déclassé*; White Sox fans of Cubs fans as clueless yuppies. (The football franchise, the Chicago Bears, is the team the city unites around.) In fact, the bleachers at

Wrigley Field, where I used to sit to gamble on the game as a young man, in recent years have come to resemble nothing so much as a singles bar in a Big Ten college town. Last time I went to a Sox game a private vendor outside the ballpark was selling T-shirts reading “Typical Cubs Fan” beneath which was pictured a man on his knees in a highly embarrassing sexual position.

As a Cubs fan, I go back to the years of Andy Pafko, Phil Cavarretta, Bill (Swish) Nicholson, the incomparable Lenny Merullo (I use the adjective advisedly; no one has been able to compare with Merullo’s record in 1942 of committing four errors at shortstop in a single inning). I cheered on the Cubs, though there wasn’t all that much to cheer about until 1969, when the team with Ernie Banks, Billy Williams, Ron Santo, and Fergie Jenkins, having been in first place for 155 days, in the month of September lost 17 of 25 games while the second-place New York Mets won 23 out of 30 to finish 8 games ahead of the Cubs, in one of the greatest *peripeteia*, chokes, utter collapses in the history of sports.

Although the decades of defeat are a bit of blur, for me they will always be characterized by a television commercial in the 1950s that invited fans to venture out to Wrigley Field as to a forest preserve, there to enjoy the sunshine, green field, and ivy-clad walls, have a hot dog and beer, and, while at it—an afterthought—see a ballgame. This was under the uninspiring ownership and management of the Cubs by the Wrigleys, the chewing-gum dynasty. A Churchillian writing a multivolume history of Cubs teams of this period might title the volume *The Dismal Years*.

Not the least dismal thing about them was the team’s television announcer Jack Brickhouse. Brickhouse announced games from 1948 to 1981, providing 33 years of cheerful nullity. One learned nothing from him, for he himself seems to have known very little about baseball. He would commend the Cubs, even in defeat, for nonetheless getting “good wood” on the ball. When a traded player first came up to bat against the team that had traded him, Brickhouse invariably said, “He would like nothing better than to wreak vengeance on his old team.” When a Cub hit a homer, he called out “Hey-Hey!” The comedian Bill Murray, who grew up in north suburban Chicago, has recounted as a boy returning home from school, turning on the Cubs game, and listening to Brickhouse put an optimistic gloss on yet another Cubs defeat to the accompaniment in the background of the echo of straggling fans stomping on empty paper beer cups. Sheer depression.

Jack Brickhouse was succeeded as the Cubs’ television announcer by Harry Caray, whom people without baseball intelligence or the least refinement in the use of language

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would doubtless call “iconic.” Moronic was closer to it. Behind thick glasses, Caray didn’t see very well, and relied on his partners in the booth to correct the blatant inaccuracy of many of his calls. His mispronunciations of the names of Hispanic players—“Gonzallee”—was material fit for a Monty Python skit. I once entered a local NBC television affiliate fantasy sports contest, in which my fantasy was not to play one-on-one with Michael Jordan, or be thrown a pass from Jim McMahon, or catch Rick Sutcliffe, but to eat ribs with Harry Caray. I won the contest, and all I can say is may your fantasies never come true, for Caray turned out to be even duller, with booziness added, in person than on television.

Harry Caray supplied his own depression. George Will grew up in Champaign, Illinois, where his father taught philosophy at the University of Illinois, which was nearly equidistant between St. Louis and Chicago. He could as easily have become a St. Louis Cardinals as a Chicago Cubs fan, but, as he once told me, Caray’s depression (“Popped it up!” “There’s danger here, Cherie!”) drove him into the arms of the Cubs and thereupon brought him decades of unnecessary mental anguish.

In 2008 George Will took me to a Cubs-Dodgers playoff game, which the Cubs lost, and I could tell that he took the loss much harder than I. George is a longtime, unflagging, and I would venture to say diehard Cubs fan. Cubs fans divide into diehard, mildly depressed, and merely pleased to show their foolhardy loyalty to a losing team. I have a cousin, a contemporary, so diehard that, upon developing ulcers, he was warned by his physician to cease listening to broadcasts of Cubs games. (When the team actually caused his ulcers is not known.) I had a friend named John Lull, born in 1900, who as a boy actually attended one of the Cubs’ 1908 victorious World Series games and hoped to live long enough to see the team return to the series. He died in 1985, disappointed. A man about town named Pritikin, in his early eighties I would guess, attends Cubs games in cut-off jeans and regularly brings along large homemade signs cheering the team on. In a television interview, asked about his unremitting passion as a fan, he replied that, if the interviewer thought he was passionate, he should have known his father. His father’s deathbed words, Pritikin claims, were “trade Kingman.” A hard death for a diehard Cubs fan.

I was spared such diehard suffering owing to my having given up playing baseball at age 13—I played shortstop with a trapper mitt on a gravel playground—when I became serious about tennis. At that point I had little more than a passing interest in baseball. College, work, marriage, family

absorbed my interest, and when I lived in New York and in Arkansas, which I did for five or so years, I was taken out of the Cubs’ ambit and all but entirely dropped away from any interest in baseball. My one regret is that I missed the great six or so years of Sandy Koufax’s astonishing career. Only later, for reasons I shall go into presently, did I realize that of all American games, baseball is the most complex, the most subtle, the best game really on offer.



Chaos outside Wrigley Field as tickets go on sale for the World Series between the Cubs and the Detroit Tigers, October 1, 1935

When I did come back to an interest in baseball, I followed the Cubs without anything like the intense feeling felt by true fans. (The root of the word “fan” is of course “fanatic.”) I have a good friend who has kept two superior Cubs box seats—11 rows off the field, on the first-base side just up from the visiting team’s on-deck circle—through three marriages. I used to buy six or seven sets of tickets from him every season. The prices have gone steadily up, and are now, for games against first-caliber teams in mid-season, at \$100.80. (It’s that 80 cents that galls.) I went only once this year, earlier in the season, to discover that ear-shattering rock music is now played between innings, so that one cannot talk to friends except during the game itself. Pro basketball does something similar during timeouts: tumblers, jugglers, dancing girls appear, small blimps ascend to the ceiling, team T-shirts are shot from cannons into the stands, everything short of human sacrifice is called into play to entertain the fans. Fun, I guess.

As baseball fans go, the category into which I now fit is fair-weather fan. To have stuck without deviation with the Cubs all through these years would have qualified me as, I feel, less a depressive than a masochist. Not long after I declared my baseball

bisexuality, the Chicago White Sox won the 2005 World Series in four straight games. Not least of the pleasures of that team were the shenanigans of its manager, the Venezuelan Ozzie Guillén, a man with considerable baseball savvy and no sense of decorum whatsoever. Ozzie didn't know which were acceptable and which unacceptable English words, which made interviews with him always interesting. He was feisty, stormy, unpredictable, wild, and able to stir his players into putting out for him.

I justify my position as a fair-weather fan based on the hard fact that the entire concept of fan is, if viewed at all closely, in itself, beyond contradictory, quite nutty. In becoming a fan there is an element of municipal pride, the notion that this team represents my city and thereby me. But do teams any longer truly represent the cities in which they are lodged? Owners not infrequently live elsewhere than the city in which their teams play and so in the off-season do most players. Many decades ago, players stayed with one team through their entire careers: Joe DiMaggio was forever a New York Yankee, Stan Musial a St. Louis Cardinal, Bob Feller a Cleveland Indian, Ted Williams a Boston Red Sox. But now with free agency—and with aggressive agents working for them—athletes go where the money is, and the question of loyalty to a team, which is at the heart of being a fan, for the players simply doesn't come into play.

Marxism, with its central doctrine of economic determinism, may be dead in every other realm of life, but in sports it remains highly cogent. A journalist once stopped Don Ohlmeyer, the television producer, saying he had a question for him. "If the question is about sports," Ohlmeyer replied, "the answer is money." Just so. Why do athletes take steroids? To improve their performance and make more money. Why do they remove themselves from play at the least hint of injury? To prolong their careers and make more money. Why has the time between innings at baseball games lengthened and the timeouts in football games increased? To allow more time for commercials and hence television revenues and make more money. None of this profit, of course, is passed along to the fans. My brother not long ago told me that he took his three young grandsons to a San Francisco Giants game that cost him—for tickets, a few drinks, and sandwiches—\$500. Half a grand for just another afternoon at the old ballpark.

If one is to be a fan, one has to set all this aside and forget that one is also at least partially a sucker. Just as one wouldn't put up with a wretched meal at an expensive restaurant or a dirty room at a costly hotel, why should fans put up with dismal teams? They do because they are fans, which is to say, a little goofy—maybe more than a little. With everyone connected with the game cashing in all around, what, really, is the point in allegiance to dismal teams, to supporting mediocrity, to paying out loyalty when none is remotely returned? This is a question a true fan must never ask himself.

One can of course be a fan of the game of baseball, which has so much to recommend it. Unlike basketball, football, even of late tennis, baseball is among the last sports that can be played at the highest level by normal-sized human beings. Apart from the occasional collision at home plate or a pitcher deliberately hitting a batter, it is a game without violence. An odd element of parity exists in baseball as in no other sport. Only in baseball can a team in last place in its division win three or four games in a row against a team leading its division. Strategy in baseball is just short of infinite. I once heard Tony La Russa, then



Fans celebrate the 2016 championship outside Wrigley.

the manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, set out eight possible moves a manager might make with men on first and third with one out. The young complain that baseball is too slow, not realizing that it is often its very slowness that makes for its tension—the lengthy battles between pitchers and batters in late innings in crucial games is but one example—and provides more inherent drama than any other sport.

Baseball has over the years changed in many ways. Today it is less the purely American sport it once was; fewer African Americans play in the majors (last I heard they numbered only 9 percent of all players). The sport has become greatly Hispanicized, with vast numbers of Cabreras, Rodriguezes, Ramirez, and other Latin American players on every team's roster. More Asians are playing in the majors than ever before. Meanwhile the game itself has improved. The pitching is sharper, faster, the kinds of pitches more varied: Forkballs, cutters, four-seam backspins, power curves, and more are part of pitchers' repertoires. Infield play has become dazzling, often astonishing. Now that the accursed drugs are out of the game, hitting 40 home runs, batting .300, has returned to being the

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genuine accomplishment it is. From a hitter's standpoint, baseball is the only sport in which one is vastly rewarded for succeeding a mere 3 times out of 10, which gives some rough notion of the game's inherent difficulty.

Like a beautiful but reliably perfidious woman, a fair-weather fan does not waste his time on failure. As the White Sox in recent years have struggled and failed to attain the measly goal of .500 seasons, the Cubs, under the front-office management of Theo Epstein (no relation, though, to avail myself of what the public relations man Ben Sonnenberg called a secondary name-drop, I knew his mother well when I lived in New York) and the field generalship of Joe Maddon, became more and more promising. That the Ricketts family was ready to spend vast sums on premier players was no small help. The team made a \$155 million, five-year contract with the pitcher Jon Lester, which has worked out well; and another, a \$184 million contract for eight years to the outfielder Jason Heyward, which hasn't. Win some, lose some. What's a couple hundred million among contemporary sports franchise owners?

Best of all the Cubs players are young—the average age of the team's infield is less than 24 years old—likable, and

under the gentle guidance of Maddon seemed greatly to be enjoying themselves afield. Kris Bryant, the team's third baseman, last year's Rookie of the Year, is the son every sports-minded father would love to have had. Without any great established stars, the team nicely provided new heroes almost daily. One mark of a winning team is the ability to come back and win games in the late innings, which the Cubs did with a far from monotonous regularity. In the perhaps 80 or so games, or portions of games I watched on television this year, Joe Maddon never made any foolish decision or said anything egregious. He orchestrated the Cubs as if they were the Berlin Philharmonic, but without any of Herbert von Karajan's displays of temperament. The 2016 Cubs, who finished their season winning 103 of 162 games, were a thing of beauty and a joy if not forever at least through this past summer.

The question, of course, was how the team would do in the playoffs. Would the team that historically never disappointed when it came to disappointment break through and win the World Series and silence forever the odious sentimentality that has affected even hard cases such as Maureen Dowd? Ms. Dowd, recently visiting Chicago, went all soft inside in her admiration for the lovable losers and found in them an antidote, however temporary, for

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THOMAS J. DONOHUE

PRESIDENT AND CEO
U.S. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

After a long and strange campaign, tomorrow is finally decision time for the American people—and the stakes couldn't be higher. Anyone who cares about the future of our country and the strength of our economy must get to the polls to vote.

What's at stake? Just about everything. Our leadership in the global economy, the future of our trading system, the size and scope of our government, and the balance of the Supreme Court will all be impacted by tomorrow's vote. And so will the answers to key questions about our economic future. Will we keep hobbling along at 1%–2% growth rates while incomes stagnate? Will our leaders double down on Obamacare and Dodd-Frank? Will the regulatory behemoth continue to grow unabated? Will we see more tax increases, government spending, and

expanded entitlement programs?

These high stakes don't hinge on the presidential race alone. Pro-business majorities in the House and the Senate can stop the policies that harm our economy and advance those that strengthen it regardless of who wins the White House. That's why the U.S. Chamber of Commerce got involved in key congressional races nearly a year and a half ago—the earliest we've ever engaged in an election cycle.

We are now heading into tomorrow with a solid fighting chance to preserve a pro-business majority in Congress that will help advance economic growth and job creation. But first we need business voters to turn out at the polls. Anyone looking for information on where or how to cast a ballot should visit VoteForJobs.com, an online toolkit the Chamber launched to educate and organize voters. Many companies, chambers, and associations have customized it to encourage their employees and

members to vote.

We have worked to help voters understand that the interests of business are the interests of every American. When a pro-growth agenda succeeds, it creates jobs, lifts incomes, strengthens Main Street businesses that support our local communities, and drives innovations that solve problems and improve lives. Every American has the potential to be a business voter, because we all benefit when businesses grow, produce, and hire.

The business community will keep advancing our country's interests and our pro-growth message in this election up until the last possible minute. And the hard work won't end there. After the wild ride of this campaign season ends, the important work of governing will begin. The Chamber is prepared to lead and put forward a positive agenda for growth no matter who wins tomorrow.



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our ghastly presidential election. “So when I found myself in Chicago, awash in positive emotions at the miracle of baseball in October,” she wrote, “I couldn’t get enough. I knew nothing about the Cubs, the underdog’s underdog, but I signed up as a fan.” This Dragon Lady of American journalism, this Jenny One-Note—the note is that of high scorn—Maureen Dowd bought a Cubs hat to wear at book signings, and signed the books she was flogging “Go Cubs.”

I understand her flow of emotion. For even I, a certified fair-weather fan, began to cheer the Cubs on with a fanatic’s combination of hope and worry. Once the playoffs began, the sense that Henry James called “the imagination of disaster” kicked in. After such a splendid regular season, it seemed only natural that the Cubs go down three games straight in the first round of the playoffs against the wildcard San Francisco Giants. But the team, rallying in the ninth inning of the fourth game, beat the Giants 6-5, and moved on to play the Los Angeles Dodgers for the National League pennant.

Against Los Angeles, the Cubs won the first game of the best-of-seven series in spectacular fashion. A pinch-hit grand-slam homer by the team’s reserve catcher, Miguel Montero, was easily the game’s high point, though the team’s second baseman, Javier Báez, stole home, something I’ve not seen done in years. In the second game Cubs hitters were handcuffed by Clayton Kershaw, a three-time Cy Young Award winner and by general consensus the best pitcher in current-day baseball. (Quick trivia quiz: Who is the greatest pitcher never to win the Cy Young Award? Answer: Cy Young.) In the sixth and last game of the series, the Cubs young yet impressively calm pitcher Kyle Hendricks did something similar to the Dodgers—against, of all people, Clay Kershaw—and the Cubs had an easy 5-0 win.

Onward and upward to Cleveland for the World Series. The Cubs quickly lost the first game in Cleveland, won the second, and then lost two out of three at home. The Indians’ best pitcher, Corey Kluber, beat the Cubs twice, the second time on three days’ rest. (In the modern era starting pitchers are pampered, and work only one day in five.) The bottom half of the Cubs’ batting order might as well not have shown up, so poorly did they do at plate in these early games. Down three games to one, the Cubs

won game five at home. In a nice touch, at the conclusion of the game, its final home game, the team came out and applauded the people in the stands in recognition of their grand yearlong support. The World Series moved on to Cleveland for the final two games, with the Indians leading three games to two, and all the odds against the Cubs. The team won the sixth game in a walk, 9 to 3, tying the series at three games all. The Cubs, begorrah, were in the seventh game of the World Series, where they had

once more to face the formidable Corey Kluber. The scene was nicely set for heartbreak.

Heartbreak there nearly was. The Cubs went out to a comfortable 5-to-1 lead, when in the fifth inning Joe Maddon took out Hendricks, the starting pitcher. Jon Lester, Hendricks’s replacement, promptly threw a wild pitch that allowed two runs to score, turning what seemed a pleasant romp into a tight, tense 5-to-3 game. With a two-run Cubs lead going into the eighth inning, the Cleveland fans, subdued, with that hangdog look usually found on the countenances of Cubs fans, came alive as the Cleveland centerfielder, Rajai Davis, hit a two-run homer off the Cubs

closer Aroldis Chapman, tying the game. All joy leaked out of Mudville. Even a fair-weather fan has emotions, and I felt descending upon me the heavy gloom presaging ineluctable defeat.

As everyone knows, it didn’t happen. The Cubs came through and won the game 8 to 7 in the tenth inning. Melee on the mound among the victors; high-fives, sweaty hugs all round; inane interviews; champagne spritzing all over the locker room. Parade to follow. Happy days are here again! Joy returns to Mudville. Much for which to be thankful. If the Cubs hadn’t won, who knows, the suicide rate in Chicago might have topped the city’s far from unimpressive weekend murder rates.

Best of all, the Chicago Cubs World Series victory puts an end to the cliché-ridden narrative of the lovable losers. No more curse-of-the-billy-goat stories; no more woe-filled tales of unrequited fan loyalty. Ms. Dowd can remove her Cubs hat and return to dispensing vitriol to Donald Trump, the Clintons, and other unworthy politicians. Cubs win! Cubs win! As a witty friend emailed to me directly after the game, “Let’s do it again in 2124.” ♦



The Indians’ Michael Martinez leaves Cubs players to their reveling.

Party at the End of the World

François Hollande at a ceremony for 130 people killed in attacks in Paris on November 13, 2015

France avenges itself on Nicolas Sarkozy

BY CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

Whenever an American presidential election threatens to produce a controversial or conservative victor, some of our intellectuals and celebrities swear that, should the dread event come, they're going to "move to Paris."

This year there wouldn't be much point.

France's presidential election season has just begun and it looks like ours. One side believes the country is doing just fine, even evolving into a better civilization. The other side believes the country's present course is a death spiral, and the election is basically a referendum on whether the public wishes its civilization to die or not. Under Donald Trump, the Republican party has become—and is likely to remain—the party that holds the second view.

In France this transformation is coming, but it is going to take a different institutional form. The country already has its apocalyptic party: the National Front (FN), which has been a major player in French politics for three decades. Although the FN is scrupulously democratic, the number of French people who fear it is the seed of a new fascist movement has generally exceeded the number who

see it merely as a forthright expression of patriotism. That appears to be changing. The FN's hostility to the European Union, to mass immigration, to free trade: These now strike a chord in a far wider segment of the French population. And since the British vote to leave the European Union last June, it seems possible these goals are susceptible of realization.

On top of that, the FN's eloquent and telegenic leader, Marine Le Pen, has spent the last five years modernizing the party. She has purged activists fond of antisemitic innuendos, embraced a trade platform that would please Donald Trump and Sherrod Brown, let down Catholics who had hoped the party might offer a home for resistance to gay marriage, and quarreled publicly and stridently with her own father, the party's founder. The view among France's political analysts is that these moves have attracted more voters than they have repelled, and that the FN is going to make it into the second round of next spring's presidential elections.

That turns the upcoming selection of candidates by the two traditional parties—the Socialists of President François Hollande and the conservative Republicans of former president Nicolas Sarkozy—into a game of musical chairs. By next summer one of the two parties that has dominated French politics since the late 1950s will be on its deathbed.

It has generally been assumed that the moribund party will be the Socialists. Battered by terrorism and unemployment for much of his tenure, Hollande has seen his

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popularity ratings fall into a sub-Nixonian abyss. An early November poll by the national daily *Le Figaro* found that only 11 percent of French people have “confidence” in him. Occasionally his numbers nose up to the twenties. That has happened after each of the Islamist terrorist attacks of the past two years, when the French have felt they must stand behind their head of state. But then Hollande will say something silly, and his numbers fall.

In October, two journalists at the daily *Le Monde*, Gérard Davet and Fabrice Lhomme, came out with a book based on interviews with Hollande, who had given them extraordinary access over his first four years. It was called “*A President Shouldn’t Say That*” (“*Un président ne devrait pas dire ça. . .*”). Hollande’s entourage doubtless hoped it would cast him in a new light, as a truth-teller, a taker-on of taboos. But, as the book climbed to the top of the bestseller lists, it was clear that a president really *shouldn’t* say such things.

One of Hollande’s most oratorical flights, as he addressed the increasing presence of Islam in France, was: “The veil-wearing woman of today is going to be the Marianne of tomorrow,” Marianne being the symbol of all the liberties protected by the French republic. If you contacted the five smartest political consultants in France and gave them a week to construct the quotation most likely to infuriate the broadest cross-section of the voting public, it is unlikely you could top that one. Hollande confirmed a suspicion that conservatives and moderates have long held—that politicians now see the promotion of minorities, rather than the advancement of the nation as a whole, as the motivating ideal in French life. It is the Socialists’ idea of what French politics is now “about.”

But Hollande did so in such a way as to convince Muslims in particular, and religious people in general, that he holds them in contempt. “What is the bet we’re making?” he said. “It is that this [veiled] woman will prefer liberty to servitude.” Of course, the leader of a democratic republic ought to operate on the assumption that *everyone* prefers liberty to servitude. The problem is that there are many different kinds of liberty—and Islam introduces into French society a new idea of liberty that a lot of people of Muslim background find preferable to the old one. According to this view, the choices of your children are built on the wisdom of your ancestors. You are reinforced and strengthened by having unbreakable alliances with

them. This is a better kind of freedom than watching Internet pornography and buying worthless knick-knacks until, around the age of 40, you realize you are destined to be friendless, alone, and sad. *That* is the argument Hollande must win when he speaks to Muslims. It is a much more difficult argument to win than the one he thinks he’s having.

Republicans will choose their candidate in a two-round national primary on November 20 and 27, and the stakes are high. If Hollande’s Socialists are as weak as they look, then those who vote in the conservative primary

will be doing more than choosing the country’s next president. They will also be choosing the leader of the party that will command the whole nonpopulist part of the French electorate, as the Democratic party may soon claim to do in the United States. The round of debates that began in mid-October has been a spectacle of contenders playing it safe. The favorite thus far is Alain Juppé, the mayor of Bordeaux, who served as prime minister a generation ago. Juppé’s attempts to reform the state were destroyed by massive strikes in 1995. On top of that, he was convicted a decade ago of having engaged in featherbedding in the Paris mayor’s office in the 1980s and ’90s. But time heals

many wounds, and Juppé, now well into his seventies, has acquired an avuncular appeal. The candidates have argued over whether the retirement age for workers should be 62 or 63 and whether the maximum weekly hours an employee should be asked to work without receiving huge overtime benefits should be 35 or 37. Juppé is good at such debates. He offers what the *Financial Times* calls “a steady hand on the tiller.”

Other candidates are trying to break the mold. There is Bruno Le Maire, a literary former cabinet minister who is every Socialist’s favorite Republican. There is Nathalie Kosciusko-Morizet, an elegant and ambitious libertarian who, having forgotten the difference between conservatism and capitalism, believes the French economy has lessons to learn from Uber, most of them involving union-busting—a position that ought to win the votes of 2 or 3 percent in France. And there is Nicolas Sarkozy, the country’s greatest political operator.

Sarkozy, who was president from 2007 to 2012, has

Sarkozy’s candidacy would be perfectly designed for the elections of 2016 except for one thing: He ran the same campaign in 2007, promising to protect France against the vicissitudes of globalization, and did nothing. In fact, he wound up presiding over the largest influx of immigrants of any president in history.

dominated the recent debates. Increasingly he is dispensing with picayune accounting questions in order to concentrate on constructing mighty oratorical parallelisms, on painting doomsday scenarios, and on stirring the souls of swing voters. He is hammering away at Islam, calling it the only religion that is destabilizing French society. He has warned of a “demographic shock” if France takes too many refugees from Syria. After trailing by 12 points in early October, he has begun to rise in the polls.

Sarkozy’s candidacy would be perfectly designed for the elections of 2016 except for one thing: He ran the same campaign in 2007, promising to protect France against the vicissitudes of globalization, and did nothing. In fact, he wound up presiding over the largest influx of immigrants of any president in history.

In recent weeks, Sarkozy’s former top aide, Patrick Buisson, has published a bombshell bestseller in which he explained how it is that Sarkozy came to abandon his conservative line. Buisson speaks with some authority, since it was his ideas that not only neutralized the National Front’s vote but also rallied it behind Sarkozy. Like Dick Morris under Bill Clinton, Buisson was brought in to reacquaint with human nature a person so ambitious that he had forgotten what human nature was.

Buisson’s book is profound, philosophical, right-wing to the point of royalism, and eloquent about what went wrong in Sarkozy’s first term. In Buisson’s view, Sarkozy mastered the oratory of fighting for France’s silent majority, although he holds those people in contempt. Or perhaps *because* he holds them in contempt. Buisson suggests that what drives Sarkozy is not mere heartlessness or opportunism but an actual psychological defect. “Certain men,” Buisson writes, “are so constituted that they wind up hating the people who have helped, served or saved them.” Buisson is not the only former aide to feel that way. He notes that Sarkozy’s chief of staff, Emmanuelle Mignon, complained in an email: “We’re even developing the habit of thanking those who have betrayed us and punishing those who have helped us.”

Buisson feels betrayed. His book has been such an event in the political cycle because it is hard to conceive how French voters could fail to see what Buisson sees in Sarkozy. In an interview in mid-October, Sarkozy promised that should his own Republicans be eliminated in next spring’s presidential runoff, he would join Hollande’s

Socialists in creating a *barrage républicain* against Le Pen’s FN. That is a legitimate view to hold, but not one consistent with winning the National Front’s votes. And if Sarkozy cannot do that, perhaps the Socialist party can make



Above, François Hollande, right, greets former president Nicolas Sarkozy, September 25, 2016; below, Bruno Le Maire and Nathalie Kosciusko-Morizet, September 1, 2013.



a more coherent case to be the party of France as a whole—especially if Hollande is beaten for the nomination by his law-and-order prime minister Manuel Valls.

The last time Sarkozy won the presidency, in 2007, the figure of his deal-cutting, ineffective, and unpopular mentor Jacques Chirac loomed over the electorate. “Having Buisson with me is a signal,” Sarkozy used to say. “It’s a guarantee that I’m not going to turn into Jacques Chirac.” Losing Buisson is a signal that voters may not give him another chance to. ♦

The Appalachian Work College

Where students labor to learn

BY ALICE B. LLOYD

Deep in the eastern Kentucky hills, one stumbles upon a rare sight: college students voluntarily, even enthusiastically, working manual labor and menial desk jobs. They are earning their keep at their “work colleges,” something of a regional specialty. Two of the nation’s seven private four-year work colleges grace Appalachia with their hardy standards of stewardship. Those who know tiny Alice Lloyd College and its bigger, older neighbor Berea College consider each campus a refuge, an oasis, a sanctuary from other regional specialties—poverty, opioid addiction, postindustrial depression, and a work ethic corroded by welfare dependency.

“This is the most unlikely place that you would expect to find an institution like this. You would expect to find maybe the end of the road when you got here. And that’d be about it,” said

Jerry Wayne Slone, an accounting professor and alumni president at Alice Lloyd College, the school his grandfather helped build. In eastern Kentucky, home is wherever your people come from, and the Slones’ history here far outstretches the college’s. Slone is a common surname in the county. Lloyd, I learn, is not. So until the novelty wears off, sharing the founder’s name (no relation) makes me a local celebrity.

At Berea, in the mid-nineteenth century, and at Alice Lloyd, in the early twentieth, student labor started from simple necessity—undergraduates too poor to pay found plenty of work to be done. Now, the need remains much the

Pippa Passes, Ky.



A grounds crew at work on the campus of Alice Lloyd College

same. Five years ago, the Pew Charitable Trusts’ Economic Mobility Project reported 43 percent of working-class whites felt worse off than their parents; in this year’s PRRI American Values Survey, 65 percent of the same group responded “the American way of life has mostly changed for the worse since 1950.” If you’re a Scots-Irish hillbilly from eastern Kentucky, this dark outlook is more an accurate appraisal than a symptom of Trumpian nostalgia. According to the *New York Times* report “What’s the Matter With Eastern Kentucky?” the median income adjusted for inflation in Kentucky’s Clay County, equidistant between

the two campuses, was higher in 1979 than in 2014, after decades of entrenched dependency on government assistance. Economic struggles have led to others: In 2015, Kentucky registered third in the nation in overdose deaths.

One hindrance to economic progress in eastern Kentucky is brain drain. Children of the hills set free by education and success will choose, understandably, to settle elsewhere. Kentucky work college graduates, though, keep coming back to the bereft region.

Data reported by the schools demonstrate the highlands’ homeward draw: Over 80 percent of Alice Lloyd graduates return to serve the surrounding counties in their chosen profession. A significant plurality every year come to Berea from within Kentucky and a majority from southern Appalachian states—and while alumni span the globe, most have settled nearby. Biology, fortuitously, is the most popular major at both colleges. With medical care one of the region’s most dire deficits, these bio majors hold the key to the future of rural health management. Wendy Welch, director of the Graduate Medical Education Consortium of Southwestern Virginia and editor of *Public Health in Appalachia*, noted, “No one else ‘gets us,’ understands the unique mixture of pride and challenges found in rural culture,

ALICE LLOYD COLLEGE

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The Draper Building on the quadrangle of Berea College

or believes that the solutions already seeded within these communities can be tweaked and fostered to provide long-lasting effects.” Education, the founding mission of both regionally focused institutions, comes next among top-choice majors at Alice Lloyd; likewise, of 8,000 surveyed Berea alumni, 1,455 became teachers.

Alice Lloyd guarantees tuition to all admitted students from the surrounding 108 counties. And those whose families fall within a low enough income bracket—the vast majority qualify for Pell grants (federal tuition assistance for low-income families)—cover their room and board with a combination of grants and scholarships, in addition to their 10 to 20 hours of weekly work. No student pays sticker-price tuition at Berea: Ninety-nine percent qualify for Pell, and all work wage hours to cover their living expenses.

Educators concerned with rising college costs and a student debt bubble would do well to draw lessons from the work college financial model. A low-income ceiling for admission to Berea (\$53,000 for a family of four with one in college) and the geographical limits to the tuition guarantee at Alice Lloyd exclude most American families, but Berea president Lyle Roelofs thinks the model may yet catch on: “I very much believe that the Berea idea could germinate elsewhere in other institutions or even create new institutions.” He described a vision of “Berea in New Mexico, where the tribes of the American Southwest could come

together,” with an attachment to the region “as powerful as the experience of Appalachia here.” Secondary schools, he said, should also consider work programs—not just to provide vocational training, but because hard work helps hammer the kinks out of adolescence.

It’s true that work college students, thoughtful and strikingly mature, bear the quiet dignity of purposeful work. While their counterparts across the country rallied for “free college” this year, students at Berea and Alice Lloyd—who technically live the dream—were busy tending their own gardens.

“Well, it’s not freely given,” Joseph Little explained, when asked why work study works so well. Joseph’s a senior sociology major at Alice Lloyd. He worked his way up, from dishwasher in the Hunger Din (the dining hall, so named for Mrs. Lloyd’s favorite Kipling poem) to resident assistant of a freshman hall. Next year, he’ll study for his counseling degree online while working as a guard at the federal prison in nearby Ashland, where his fiancée hopes to find work as well. Advising freshman residents, he teased, qualifies him to guard felons.

Joseph’s the first in a long line of coal miners to go to college. His grandparents, who raised him and five brothers, never made it past junior high. “I didn’t know what I wanted,” he said of his high school self. “But I wanted so much more than they knew.” And he wants them to want

more too. His plan, once he finishes his social work degree, is to reeducate the region's out-of-work coal miners.

His family's from Inez, Kentucky, the tiny hill town in which Lyndon Johnson chose to announce his "war on poverty" in 1964, a day Joseph's grandparents likely remember. What they may not have known: The architect of Johnson's sweeping entitlements program, Kentucky congressman Carl Dewey Perkins, was an Alice Lloyd graduate. He meant well, locals contend.

Nearly fifty years before, Boston newswoman Alice Spencer Geddes Lloyd left the forbidding New England climate on doctor's orders. She meant to revive a Presbyterian mission in the Kentucky hills and restore her constitution after suffering a stroke. Instead, local children living in a nearby valley village mistook her for a princess. Their parents implored the well-appointed foreigner to tutor their sons and daughters, building her a lean-to shack in which to live and teach. Thereafter Mrs. Lloyd left Pippa Passes only rarely, when fundraising required it. (She renamed the village after the Robert Browning poem, to honor a grant her school received from Cornell's Browning Society.) In 1955, Ralph Edwards, host of the TV game show *This Is Your Life*, brought her and a cohort of former students out to his Hollywood studio. After the episode aired, including a fundraising plea from Edwards, 16 sacks of small donations overwhelmed the Pippa Passes post office. Life imitating Frank Capra, hired guards carried the money to campus, where student workers counted more than enough to keep the lights on at Alice Lloyd College. Gifts from foundations still fund a dramatic 53 percent of the school's yearly operating income.

Alice Lloyd's main drag, Purpose Road, runs through hills tight enough to stump your smartphone's GPS, but Berea crowns the crest of eastern Kentucky. You can just spot the bluegrass rolling out on the western horizon. With its rare billion-dollar endowment, Berea is far wealthier—thanks to large gifts well invested, lean living, student labor, and federal aid. In its relative worldliness, Berea lacks rustic Alice Lloyd's centripetal orbit. Fewer Bereans flock back, and many more outsiders find their way to the tourist-friendly college town. It's a Georgian campus atop a round hill gracious as the mound Noah might have landed on. Main Street boasts a trendy café and galleries peddling

handicrafts made by student workers. Broom making, in an embellished Shaker fashion, is to Berea what flatware was for the Oneida colony.

And Berea started out a utopia, too. In 1859, abolitionist John Fee incorporated "anti-slavery, anti-caste, anti-rum, anti-sin" Berea College, named for the most open-minded village in the Book of Acts. The same year, Fee and his fellow founders fled the war tide, but they returned in 1865

to enroll men, women, white folks and black—"of one blood," they believed, as in "God has made of one blood all peoples of the earth," Acts 17:26 and Berea's fundamentalist, apostolic motto. Although it seems less radical now and has never required any faith commitment, Berea continues to serve the region according to its scripturally founded mission.

Founding self-sufficient schools for the forgotten children of Appalachia, well-connected social activists across two centuries agreed, was the best way to help them help themselves, to guide them to the light, to provide bootstraps to the shoeless children of the hills. Their heirs seem to see it the same way.

Alice Lloyd and Berea students do paperwork and farm work, scrape their classmates' dishes and prepare their classmates' paychecks, scrub dormitory bathrooms, plant flowers and weed the paths they walk. "Do students ever embezzle?" I asked Alice Lloyd's director of student work, Kerry Ratliff, a good-natured, wiry fellow who doesn't seem to like sitting still too long, what I thought was a natural question. "Never!" he replied. Similarly, a student wouldn't scrawl on a wall his friend had painted, as Berea president Lyle Roelofs said.

When everyone's work is visibly purposeful, it seems the youthful impulse to destroy loses its fire. Asked what Alice Lloyd students do for fun—how they whet their natural appetites for destruction, in other words—in the absence of keg parties and nearby bars, or really any local commerce, communications director and recent alumna Katie Hylton said, "Well, down at the boys' dorm there's this pipe in the ground across the creek, and they like to throw rocks at it." They'll turn anything into a tournament, she said. Also, a surprising proportion of restless student athletes at Alice Lloyd join the cast and crew of the yearly spring play.

In his office at Berea, President Roelofs described his



Student workers in the Hunger Din



Broom making at Berea College



Alice Lloyd memorialized on campus

TOP AND BOTTOM, ALICE LLOYD COLLEGE; MIDDLE, BEREA COLLEGE

students' response to the wave of campus activism that gripped the nation last year. They marched, they demonstrated, they rose up against their food supplier's corporate entanglements. But they didn't shout down the administration. "Interestingly, whereas I see the student activism at many places being directed squarely at the institution where the student is enrolled, here there is a sense, 'Well, you know, it's pretty hard to complain radically about Berea, so I'm going to be upset about this, but in the larger social context, not so much at my own institution'—which makes it easier for the administration."

The first Berea student I came across was a young woman with turquoise hair and a Bernie Sanders bumper sticker on the fender of her old Toyota. The second was the bellhop at the Boone Tavern Hotel, an elegant guesthouse Berea's third president built to lighten his wife's hostess duties. It's partly staffed by students. My bellhop is a basketball player from New Jersey whose parents plan to help him with the few thousand dollars in room-and-board debt he's not expecting to cover by graduation—while he tours Europe playing ball. After four years, he's ready to see the world.

So was Catalina Certan as a teen in the exurbs of the former Soviet state of Moldova, poor, proud, hilly, and landlocked—the eastern Kentucky of Europe, in other words. She dreamed of studying abroad but balked at the cost, until a Peace Corps volunteer encouraged her to consider affordable options; on a list of the least expensive American schools, she found a "tuition-free" liberal arts college in Kentucky. From a family of accountants and now an economics major herself, Catalina assumed, "It's a scam. It can't be like that." But she applied anyway, and she's glad she did: She works for a tough but fair boss in Berea's accounts payable office and enjoys a pedagogical leg-up on European universities. Last summer she took classes in Vienna, where lifeless lecturers made her miss Berea. State-funded schools slack off in their teaching practice, she believes, because in a system that protects itself regardless of students' and teachers' input and rewards, there's no need to engage on either side. "Having this education that you pay for makes you value the education a lot more," she said in praise of a capitalist culture. (Although with Berea, "education that you *work* for" might make more sense.) "The professors are there for

you because they're paid by you," she added, remembering how her lecturers in Vienna brushed off questions and hurried home after class.

In academic dean and English professor Claude "Lafie" Crum, on the other hand, you find Alice Lloyd's William Stoner. Like the hero of John Williams's ageless campus novel, Lafie found his life's work by a strange surprise, when his soul lighted on the unknown gifts of a literary calling. His favorite novel to teach new students is James Still's *River of Earth*, the pinnacle of Appalachian literature, in which he first found folks like himself and his family, a forgotten people, celebrated in fiction.

Advanced seminars have their rewards, but Lafie favors labor-intensive freshman composition. He likened an Alice Lloyd freshman to someone who's "never seen the ocean before, who sees the ocean for the first time, and you get to watch them see it." Kentucky public schools' commitment to standardized test preparation means a high school senior won't have sunk their teeth into a meaty novel before they find a seat in Lafie's freshman comp—but once they do, "they figure out how smart they really are, and they just run with it."

There's more to spiritual erosion in the region than missing discussion in high school classrooms, though. "The need for a school like this is more now than it ever has been," or at least, Lafie qualified, more than in recent memory. Far too often, he said, parents or grandpar-

ents drop students off without a change of clothes for the next day. One boy spent last year's Christmas break alone on campus because his parents—addicts, one assumes—had stolen his extra earnings over Thanksgiving.

A generation earlier, Lafie's father let him attend Alice Lloyd but would have brought his homesick boy home to work without a word if he'd only asked. He stayed, but the same homeward draw pulled postdoctoral Lafie back to Pippa Passes—and continues to bring other graduates back to this day.

Locally, economic depression, drug addiction, and a pervasive hopelessness hang over the hills. And nationally, college debt policies aim to win over young voters. But nothing much seems to change the pattern of life at Alice Lloyd or Berea. They'll do what they've always done. While the need is there, the work continues. ♦



Above, a Boone Tavern Hotel bellhop at Berea College; below, a signpost at Alice Lloyd College





On the march in St. Petersburg (2009)

Moscow Calling

Roots of the new Russian nationalism. BY ANDREW STUTTAFORD

Anton Vaino's appointment in August as Vladimir Putin's new chief of staff intrigued Kremlinologists, Estonians (he is the grandson of one of Soviet Estonia's later quislings), and fans of the weird. Some years ago, Vaino (or someone acting on his behalf) penned a bizarre, densely written article in which he described a Noosphere, a device which "allows the study of

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Black Wind, White Snow
The Rise of Russia's New Nationalism
by Charles Clover
Yale, 384 pp., \$35

humanity's collective consciousness." It is, apparently, intended to be used to help technocrats manage increasingly complex societies.

The Noosphere is nonsense—and even in Putin's Russia, commentators felt free to scoff; but it is ominous nonsense. Writing in 1936, a time of lethal nonsense in Moscow, Berlin,

and elsewhere, John Maynard Keynes argued that

The ideas of economists and political philosophers, both when they are right and when they are wrong, are more powerful than is commonly understood. Indeed the world is ruled by little else. . . . Madmen in authority, who hear voices in the air, are distilling their frenzy from some academic scribbler of a few years back.

Charles Clover, a former Moscow bureau chief for the *Financial Times*, cites those words in his introduction to *Black Wind, White Snow*. It is, indeed,

KIRILL KUDRYAVTSEV / AFP / GETTY IMAGES

an examination of “the rise of Russia’s new nationalism,” in the words of its subtitle; but this absorbing and often disconcerting book is also the story of the evolution of a strain of Russian political thought—barely known in the West—over the last hundred years or so that bears (if possible) even less relation to reality than the millenarian absurdities of Marxism, but in today’s Russia may matter more.

Black Wind, White Snow boasts a remarkable cast—disturbed and disturbing—of dreamers, prophets, demagogues, and chancers, of those who followed them and of those who exploited them. The man who connects them is Lev Gumilev (1912-1992), the son of two poets. His father was murdered by the Bolsheviks; his mother, Anna Akhmatova, the greatest poet of the Soviet age, endured decades of persecution. Gumilev himself spent years in the Gulag and yet became an advocate of an authoritarian, distinctively Russian state characterized by *passionarnost*, a term he invented that conveys a sense of the irrational and the primal, a tribal equivalent (of a sort) to Nietzsche’s will to power: “a type of Stockholm syndrome,” writes Clover gently.

Before moving to detailed discussion of this anti-Communist Soviet patriot, Clover introduces some of Gumilev’s antecedents, products of “the maximalist era of Russian philosophy” at the turn of the 20th century, an era in which a number of prominent intellectuals “were obsessed with the borderlands of reason, where it met the occult, the esoteric and the mystical.” They included the geologist Vladimir Vernadsky, later a Stalin Prize winner who, according to Clover, “conceived the notion of the ‘noosphere,’ the unity of human reason” into which, presumably, Vaino’s Noosphere is meant to peer. There are other candidates for this distinction. But this is, in many respects, a very timely book.

One of the features of this era was a growing preoccupation with Russia’s supposedly Asiatic qualities, an idea of its apartness from Europe that would eventually evolve into the concept, as alluring (to some) as it was bogus, of “Eurasia.” This “multi-national, multi-ethnic, multi-confessional, but distinctly

Russian and distinctly non-Western geopolitical space” conveniently encompassed the peoples of both the fallen empire and its Soviet successor. It was a vision that foreshadowed Putin’s rewriting of Russian history into a fantasy in which both Communists and those they overcame were given patriotic roles to play.

Eurasianism, explains Clover, “exorcizes demons, heals psychic wounds and papers over [the] ruptures” that the Soviet experience had left behind. It anticipated and must have helped inspire Putin’s conceit of a “Russian world” (*Russkiy Mir*), home of a civilization that—to the consternation of its neighbors—extends beyond the boundaries of today’s shorn federation.

Much of modern Eurasianism is based on little more than the imagination of Lev Gumilev: “He invented people, he invented documents, or transported things magically through time so that they would fit his narrative” of a “super-ethnos,” no less, formed by the fusion of cultures between Russians and a series of surprising pals—the Mongols and other unlikely folk—from the steppe. With Gumilev as its leading, somewhat unhinged, spokesman, Eurasianism spread as a nationalist alternative or (within the ranks of the regime) supplement to the exhausted Marxism-Leninism of the Brezhnev years, a period in which ideological discourse was more complicated than the usual image of a Soviet monolith would suggest.

That was also true of those in out-right opposition as well. Clover takes his readers far from the familiar brave, struggling liberal intelligentsia—and, for that matter, from the less easily pigeonholed Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, too. As Clover recounts, Moscow had its own alt-right, marinated in alcohol, mysticism, and the madness that flourished in the Soviet wasteland. The occult, neo-Nazism, you name it: Strange beasts still roamed Russia’s borderlands of reason.

Under Mikhail Gorbachev, some of those beasts—most notably Aleksandr Dugin, the dark star of this book, bril-

liant, erudite, a postmodern trickster of the far right with a hint, at various different levels, of the Rasputin about him—started to move out of the shadows. Eurasianism, as Glover notes, “a synthesis of nationalism and internationalism,” began to be seen by some in the ruling hierarchy as a counterweight to the forces threatening to tear the Soviet Union apart.

In the event, Eurasianism outlived both the Soviet Union and Gumilev. It was promoted and given a far harder edge by Dugin and others with support from elements of the old power structure. Meanwhile, economic chaos at home, and humiliation abroad, was largely blamed on Russia’s whirligig liberal experiment rather than on the considerably more culpable epoch of Soviet misrule that had preceded it. The stage was being set for a strong man, and Dugin and his grim pranksters did their bit to help out.

The early Putin years were not marked by any cohesive ideology: Gestures in the direction of economic liberalism and what was referred to (not altogether reassuringly) as the “dictatorship of law” were blunted by corruption, cronyism, and authoritarian *diktat*. But one thing was clear: The Kremlin was set on reestablishing control at home and reasserting itself abroad. The reasons for this were rooted in realpolitik, self-interest, and Putin’s instinctive belief in a strong Russian state, beholden to no one and respected worldwide. Reversing, directly or indirectly, some of the territorial losses of 1991 played a significant part in that agenda, and misty fantasies of a common destiny shaped on the steppe counted for rather less.

But however skillful Putin’s manipulation of public opinion (impressive, as Clover shows, both in its cynicism and sophistication), Russia’s leader came to understand that his rule needed at least the facsimile of a big idea, and men like Dugin were ready to assist in defining what that could be. Eurasianism has proved to be a most useful ideology, a tool for Kremlin authoritarianism and a channel for mischief-making with the Western hard right. And its belligerent view

of international politics, combining reconquest of the “near abroad” with paranoia about the eternal Atlantic adversary, makes for martial mood music, handy for drowning out domestic dissent.

As to whether Vladimir Putin, in authority but no madman, subscribes to Eurasianism himself, I’m not convinced. He may refer to *passionarnost* in his speeches, but it’s more likely that he looks elsewhere for his inspiration—to his wallet, for example, or the spirit of Bolshevik ruthlessness, to the “third way” of the emigré rightist philosopher Ivan Ilyin, and to the shrewd authoritarianism of Piotr Stolypin, the most effective politician of the Romanov twilight and, like Ilyin, someone whom Putin has gone out of his way to praise.

That Putin’s authoritarianism overlaps with increasing social conservatism is both a reflection of his own evolving preferences and a shrewd cultivation of Russia’s silent majority, an effort reinforced by the Kremlin’s renewed partnership with an ancient accomplice, the Russian Orthodox church. That said, Putin has adopted a foreign policy—from mounting confrontation with the West to the conflicts with Georgia and Ukraine to, well, the creation of a “Eurasian Economic Union” with several post-Soviet states—that (as Clover observes) fits neatly with a Eurasian agenda. Looked at one way, this is just a continuation of traditional Russian (great) power politics; looked at in another way, it may be a sign that an increasingly aggressive nationalism is now setting the pace for a Kremlin that, having alienated what’s left of liberal Russia, feels compelled to play a very different hand.

The answer, less dramatic than Clover might concede, probably lies somewhere between the two. And then there is the question of what comes next. Clover offers little in the way of concrete prediction, choosing instead to marvel at the spectacle of the triumph of a myth created by scribblers. For my part, I can’t help wondering what would happen if Putin were to be succeeded by someone who genuinely believes that the myth is the truth. ♦

B&A

Mine the Past

Ron Rash, poet-narrator.

BY CHRISTOPHER J. SCALIA

The poet and novelist Ron Rash has said that “writing poetry and fiction are like AM/FM. They’re on a completely different frequency.” He says that poetry “for me is more intuitive. A story is not: a story is something you have to articulate.” This distinction between the creative processes does not necessarily apply to the creative products; different frequencies often carry the same signals. In his preface to Rash’s second book of verse, published in 2000, Anthony Hecht called the work “not so much a collection of poems as something with the coherence of a perfectly composed novella—a long account by, say, Chekhov or Faulkner, Eudora Welty or Flannery O’Connor.” It isn’t that the collection has a plot, “but there is emphatically a pervading and presiding atmosphere.”

Hecht could not have foreseen that, in eight years, with the publication of *Serena*, Rash would become a best-selling novelist and one of the country’s most acclaimed fiction writers. Yet even as Rash has devoted himself primarily to short stories and novels, his poetic skill emerges in the beauty and rhythm of his prose. Last year’s *Above the Waterfall* inspired reviews that were the mirror image of Hecht’s response: As Karen Brady explained in her review, the book is “less novel than tone poem.”

This welcome collection of previously collected and new poems is a promising opportunity to introduce Rash’s verse to the wide audience he’s won with his fiction. Whereas his previous four collections were published by small regional presses,

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Poems
New and Selected
by Ron Rash
Ecco, 192 pp., \$24.99

Poems: New and Selected is published by Ecco, the HarperCollins imprint behind his novels and short stories. Even the cover seems like a self-conscious attempt to establish the significance of Rash’s work, its bold colors and fonts mimicking classic Faber & Faber collections.

Although it’s unlikely that this collection will be read as widely as his novels, lovers of his fiction (or of good poetry) will find much to enjoy. The Appalachian settings and characters, the sharp language and crisp images that are the hallmarks of his fiction are all here, in poems about historical figures like the naturalists William Bartram and Horace Kephart (who is also a character in *Serena*); Civil War conflicts and clan feuds; the origins of place and plant names; and exile—from ancestral countries, from family farms, from the mountains. Some of the overlap with his fiction is more direct: One of the new poems, “First Memory,” makes a cameo appearance in the diary of a main character from *Above the Waterfall*. (That character, like Rash, is an admirer of Gerard Manley Hopkins.) “Carolina Parakeet” covers subject matter integral to his novel *The Cove*. “Three A.M. and the Stars Were Out” is a poetic version of a short story with the same title.

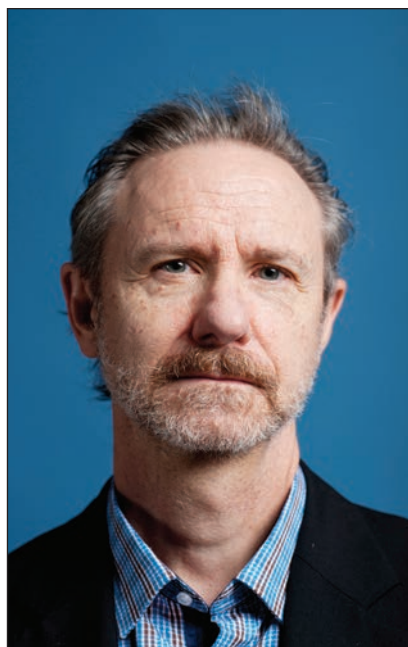
Rash’s poems also wield a strong narrative pull—both in the stories of individual poems and across different poems sharing themes and subjects. This is particularly true of Rash’s first

three collections. (He has published just one collection since 2002, and there are only eight previously uncollected poems here.) Many poems from *Raising the Dead* concern a town flooded with the construction of a new dam. “Analepsis” tells of a cry rising from the lake’s depths, which people claim to be the ghost of a dead child whose body was not reinterred before the flood and now *gives voice to the underneath / of water, the lost unnamed / dawn-calmed by the dam’s pale hand*. Others in the same collection concern the life and death of the poet’s cousin. “Watauga County: 1974” beautifully expresses the emotional flux of serving as his kin’s pallbearer: *the right hand / I feared might not raise him now / not wanting to let him down*. *Eureka Mill*, his first collection, revolves around an Appalachian mill town during the Depression: the difficult choice of leaving struggling family farms for more reliable jobs away from ancestral land; the dangerous working conditions; the failed attempts to organize strikes. It is the most novelistic of the collections and probably the most emotionally compelling.

Rash’s ancestors arrived in the southern Appalachian mountains from Wales in the mid-18th century, and his poetry often mines this family history. “The Exchange” tells the story of a man who proposed to his wife after glimpsing her on a trail and *knows right then the woman / she will be, bold enough match / for a man rash as his name*. “Genealogy,” too, plays on his name, imagining his kin’s migration from Wales to Appalachia: *Perhaps / some racial memory held them there— / an isolate people, a name carried far / only in the wind’s harsh sibilance, / its branch-lashing rattle and rush*. A link is posited between the British Isles and the mountains in “Reading the Leaves,” with the tobacco leaves hanging from barn rafters like *brittle pages / . . . strung together as Celts once / strung leaves on cords to compose / the first words of Albion*. (The surprising likenesses between the art of the past and the work of the present might be an intentional inversion of Seamus Heaney’s “Digging,” in which the speaker proudly associates the work of poetry with the manual

labor of his father and grandfather.)

Pointing out the similarities between Rash’s poetry and fiction may give the false impression that his poems are only prose on stilts, stories chopped up into lines to give the semblance of verse. Although Rash is never mentioned in discussions of the New Formalist poets, who have revived interest in traditional verse forms, he often adapts poetic traditions in provocative ways. He begins *Eureka Mill* with a classic invocation to the muse and in “Last Interview” pays



Ron Rash

homage to “My Last Duchess,” Browning’s dramatic monologue: “That’s an early portrait on the wall,” the rich mill owner tells a reporter as he attempts to explain the difference between noblesse oblige and exploitation. “The Sweeper” recasts Blake’s “The Chimney Sweeper” into the perspective of a child mill worker. The echo across the century and ocean is striking:

*Dad shaved my head the lint was so bad,
but I didn’t cry because he said
I was the oldest child and so
must grow up faster than I’d hoped.*

Rash’s most impressive formal achievement is his synthesis of an obscure Welsh form called *awdl gywydd* with the very familiar English blank verse. *Awdl gywydd* consists of

four-line stanzas, seven syllables per line, and alternating end and internal rhymes. Rash’s hybrid uses the seven-syllable, irregularly accented line of *awdl gywydd*, but approaches blank verse by discarding most rhyme and all stanza breaks. These poems frequently consist of two or three sentences over 20-30 lines, and most of the lines are enjambed—that is, they do not end with punctuation. This technique creates an extraordinarily quick rhythm.

“The Reaping,” a characteristically moving narrative of death, is a powerful example of Rash’s innovative form. A father hears the hay baler that his son had been operating and *knows / what keeps his son in the fields / gathering darkness*. Having established the suspense (one of his favorite narrative techniques is nonchalantly mentioning a secret to be explained later), Rash deftly unfolds the father’s disappointments with his careless child: The man walks *through barbed wire strung in April, / already sagged by fence posts / leaned like cornstalks after hail / because the boy would not / listen, would always search for shortcuts*. He eventually finds what surprises the reader, but not him, and the title’s double-meaning becomes clear:

*Each shortcut
Leading to this evening when
His father smells blood sizzling
On the metal and as he
Frees an arm from the roller
Chides his son for half a life
Lost to save half a minute,
Before kissing the cold brow,
Forgiving what the reaper cannot.*

The consistently fast pace of the lines, which rarely include internal pauses, and tight narrative tension make it tempting to speed through the poem. The reader must exert will-power to hang on to the narrative saddle, to clutch the powerful images and sounds: the pitiful juxtaposition of the father’s tenderness and resignation; the gruesome, powerful synesthesia of the blood’s smell and sound; the haunting last lines that echo beyond the reading, like the lingering notes of a cathedral organ. ♦

The Labrador Muse

Audubon's Canadian epiphany.

BY DANNY HEITMAN

When John James Audubon created *The Birds of America*, his landmark pictorial survey of avian life, he was thinking of America in a broad sense—namely, the wild-life habitats in and around the whole North American continent. Most of the species in his massive, four-volume book were seen and drawn within his adopted country, the United States. But in the summer of 1833, Audubon made a three-month expedition to Labrador, a part of Canada especially rich in natural wonders. Here, Peter B. Logan focuses on Audubon's Labrador period as a pivotal time in his work on *The Birds of America*.

If it's true that Labrador provided an epiphany for Audubon, it's also true that his life was full of other vivid high points and equally dramatic lows. He was, like so many figures of the American frontier, touched by the vagaries of boom and bust—a man perilously perched, at any given moment in any season, between victory and disaster.

Born in 1785 in what is now Haiti to a French merchant and a chambermaid his father had taken as a mistress, Audubon spent his earliest years on a sugar plantation. But a slave revolt forced the household to relocate to France. His mother had died, and his father's wife adopted Audubon as her own. Audubon arrived in France just in time to navigate the terrors of the French Revolution, then the rise of Napoleon. In 1803, Audubon's father sent him to America to avoid conscription in Napoleon's army.

Danny Heitman, a columnist for the *Advocate in Baton Rouge*, is the author of *A Summer of Birds: John James Audubon at Oakley House*.

Audubon
America's Greatest Naturalist
and His Voyage of Discovery to Labrador
 by Peter B. Logan
 Ashbryn Press, 816 pp., \$40



John James Audubon by William Kloss (1826)

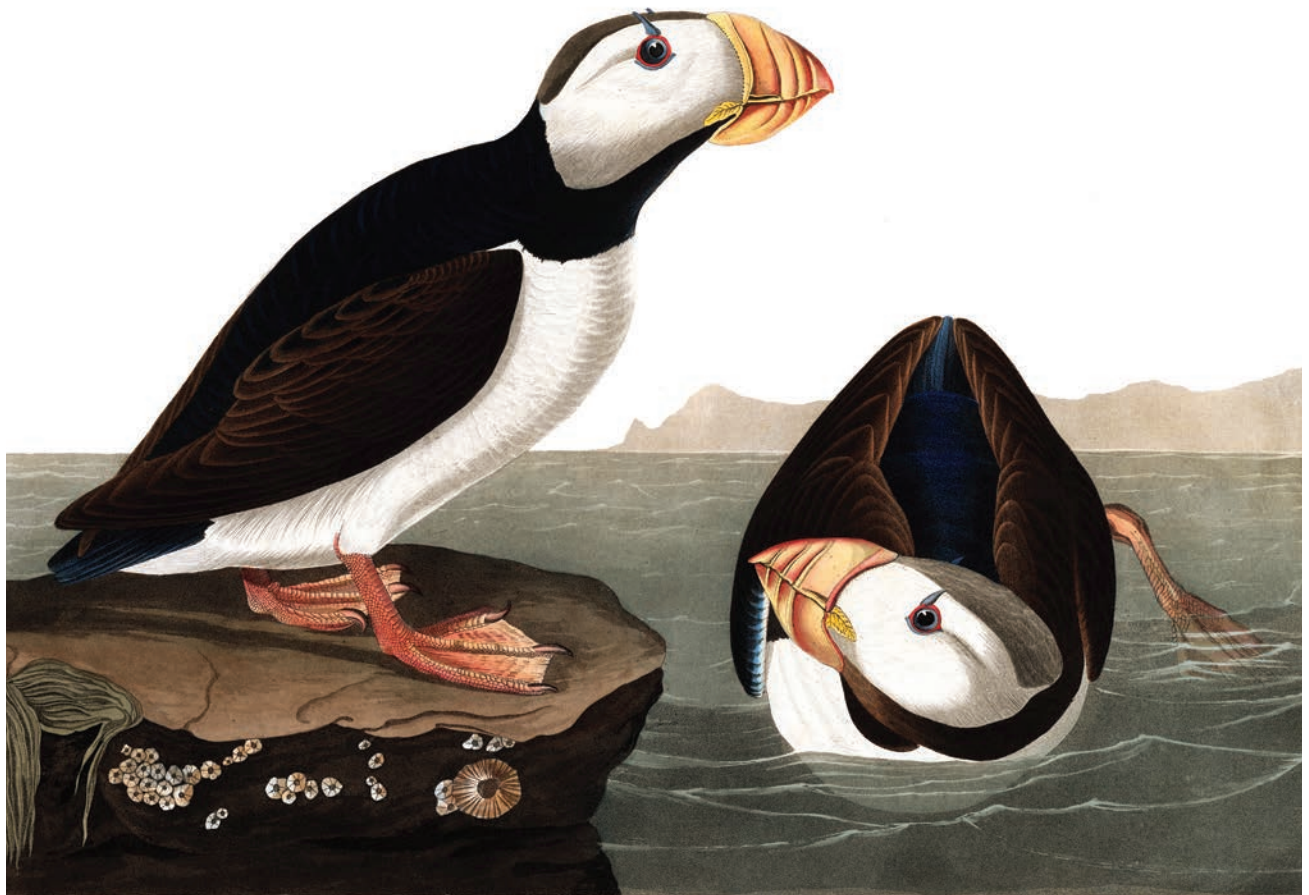
By 1819 Audubon's life seemed, finally, settled. He was a prosperous merchant on the Kentucky frontier, a naturalized American, a happy husband and father. Then a national economic downturn bankrupted his business, a crisis that proved both painful and liberating. With nothing left to lose, Audubon turned to his bird art, until then a sideline, as his primary occupation, hatching a scheme to create the most comprehensive visual record of American birds ever produced. Lean years followed, then smashing international success—and then, in an epilogue that would seem overwritten if it weren't fact, the loss of the family's hard-won fortune after Audubon's death in 1851.

Audubon's gains and losses were always big and dramatic, just like his art, in which scale sometimes seemed to loom as a form of conceit. He depicted the subjects of *The Birds of America* lifesize—even the flamingo—which required a format that was more than two feet wide and more than a yard tall.

The 435 images of *The Birds of America*, released between 1827 and 1838, were enormously expensive, costing about \$1,000 (over \$20,000 in today's dollars) for the whole set. Only an obsessive egotist could conceive a market for such a project. And as we're reminded within these pages, the world's most famous bird artist had a generally high opinion of himself, although his seeming self-confidence masked, perhaps not always convincingly, a lingering sense of insecurity.

"The desire to craft his own persona and exaggerate his accomplishments became a hallmark of the man," Logan writes. "He could lie with aplomb and did so readily if he stood to gain and, just as importantly, thought he could get away with it."

Audubon falsely claimed, for example, that he had studied under Jacques-Louis David. "But, in truth," Logan adds, "Audubon was largely self-taught, which makes his ultimate accomplishments even grander." Audubon was inevitably the biggest (and often the only) character of every story he told, an engaging self-dramatist. He was a vividly gifted writer as well as a visual artist, but the mythic personal presence he evoked in his letters, journals, and ornithological writings often shadowed his friends and associates in obscurity. It's easy to forget, for instance, that many of the copiously detailed backgrounds for Audubon's bird pictures were done by Joseph Mason, a bright young artist who accompanied him on many scouting trips. Audubon glancingly mentions his talented protégé in his narratives, conveniently leaving us to assume his career is a one-man show. This pattern is a complication for biographers, who must sometimes rely on Audubon's accounts as the only surviving record of his adventures.



Large-Billed Puffin

Perhaps the biggest contribution that Logan makes to Audubon scholarship is his detailed placement of the artist within a larger ensemble of characters who informed and sustained his genius. They include Tom Lincoln, a young amateur naturalist recruited by Audubon for his Labrador expedition, and George C. Shattuck Jr., another expedition member whose lively account provides a nice counterpoint to Audubon's. There's a bracing *Robinson Crusoe* feel to Shattuck's journal from the period, the sharpness of isolation mixed with the thrill of discovery:

We wandered along the beach seeing no birds, and then cut across the woods, which were almost impervious, and clambering back over the rocks. We had a delightful prospect, and Mr Buford shot a brown thrush. We saw the excrement of deer. We walked to Lubec, and Mr A. shot some swallows, and two plover.

Audubon seemed to draw energy

from his newfound friends in Labrador, and he needed the boost. He was worn out emotionally and physically, having suffered a "spasmodic affection" that was possibly a mild stroke, and *Birds of America* was bogged down in production problems. Logan writes: "The awareness he gained during the expedition, of his increasing physical limitations as well as his own mortality, was vitally important in spurring him on to the finish line."

The losses that Audubon had experienced since childhood appeared to give him a deep sense of life's impermanence, a sensibility that regularly informs his art. The jacket of this book features Audubon's depiction of a pair of puffins, a fixture of the Labrador ecology. They're adorable, of course, and the scene seems perfectly pastoral at first glance—except for the vigilant stare of one puffin, who gazes beyond the frame, possibly alert to predators. The other puffin crouches in a burrow,

nature's answer to adversities not far away. The colors are eye-popping, the birds pillow-plump, but there's just a hint that this placid plenty could vanish in a heartbeat. It's vintage Audubon: the art, like the man, teetering between exaltation and elegy, the promise of abundance and the prospect of annihilation.

The production values of Logan's *Audubon*, like his subject, make a virtue of extravagance. It was designed by Rich Hendel, the dean of the trade, and the gorgeous maps of Labrador and its environs were done by the celebrated cartographer Jeff Ward. Logan includes nearly 300 pages of notes and other supplementary material at the back, fruits of a decade's research. It's a doorstopper of a volume that few commercial, or even academic, presses would tackle.

Logan is a lawyer who has written some essays about birding, but this is his first book. He has a lucid style,

embracing Audubon's technique of bringing a scene to life through layers of subtle detail. The book begins at Audubon's 1833 sickbed, where we discover the color of his eyes, the quickness of his pulse, the fears on his mind, the mood of the room. It's

a window into a story that Logan renders with compelling clarity. In the tradition of Audubon's bird studies, *Audubon* is improbably big and exacting, a project that seems too expansive to succeed. Against the odds, somehow it does. ♦



Hail and Farewell

Looking back with William F. Buckley Jr.

BY ALVIN S. FELZENBERG

James Rosen has executed a smart idea that never occurred to William F. Buckley Jr.: He has assembled a collection of some of the best obituaries Buckley penned in more than a half-century as commentator, political activist, and public intellectual. Buckley aficionados, general readers, and the uninitiated are in for a treat.

As Rosen notes, Buckley was a master of "that elusive art form the *eulogy*." He spent considerable time, over several decades, writing his tributes to the recently departed, and once estimated that he wrote about 500 of them. Rosen was able to find half. (Given the energy and thought he invested, Buckley may well have believed that he had turned out twice as many as he had.) Ambitious readers can scope out the rest by going to the Hillsdale College website, which has all of Buckley's columns online, or to *National Review's* website and archives. Both are well worth a visit.

In his essays on the famous and less than famous, Buckley recorded the impact they had on their world—or on their erudite eulogizer. In assessing those he greatly admired, he was careful to consider their flaws; among those whose contributions he

A Torch Kept Lit
Great Lives of the Twentieth Century
by William F. Buckley Jr.
Crown Forum, 336 pp., \$22

deemed primarily negative, he sought to discern those qualities that made them appealing to their followers. Rosen assembles the 50-odd gems here into six groupings: presidents (Eisenhower through Reagan, minus Ford); family; arts and letters (Truman Capote, John Lennon, Johnny Carson, among many others); generals, spies, and statesmen (Churchill, Goldwater, and a handful of CIA operatives); friends (including Whittaker Chambers, Allard Lowenstein, and two unrelated Galbraiths); and nemeses (Ayn Rand, Eleanor Roosevelt, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., and others).

As a collection, the essays convey the wide range of Buckley's interests and the breadth and depth of his many friendships and what he called "active acquaintanceships." And in his introductions to each piece, Rosen does more than provide context for what follows: He reveals a deep familiarity with the subjects and conveys an appreciation of Buckley's particular take.

My attention returned several times to Rosen's last section ("Nemeses"), in which Buckley's special grace and generosity toward ideological adversaries is on display. Alger Hiss, for example,

the Soviet agent who had risen to high rank in the State Department, had an admirable quality that should not be overlooked: He had, at one time, won the devotion of Whittaker Chambers, who brought to light not only his own betrayal of his country but also that of his collaborator, Hiss. And his tribute to John V. Lindsay, the charismatic liberal Republican congressman whose ambitions Buckley sought to thwart in his own quixotic campaign for mayor of New York, is a tip of the hat from one seasoned performer to another: Lindsay, Buckley states as fact, "always, or nearly always gave theatrical satisfaction" to his audiences. Buckley could also be brutally frank: Nelson Rockefeller, whose brand of northeastern Republicanism he helped relegate to the "ash heap" of history, died once he had nothing left to animate him, his hopes of becoming president having been dashed on three separate occasions.

Editors wrestle with what to omit as well as what to include, but I wish Rosen had squeezed in just one more treasure: Buckley's 1972 tribute to Harry Truman. Buckley's views on the former president changed considerably in the quarter-century in which he wrote about him. As chairman of the *Yale Daily News* in the late 1940s, Buckley wrote that historians would record that "the greatest economic crisis the U.S. ever sustained was when Mr. Truman's haberdashery business failed." In 1958, Buckley declared Truman to be the "nation's most conspicuous vulgarian."

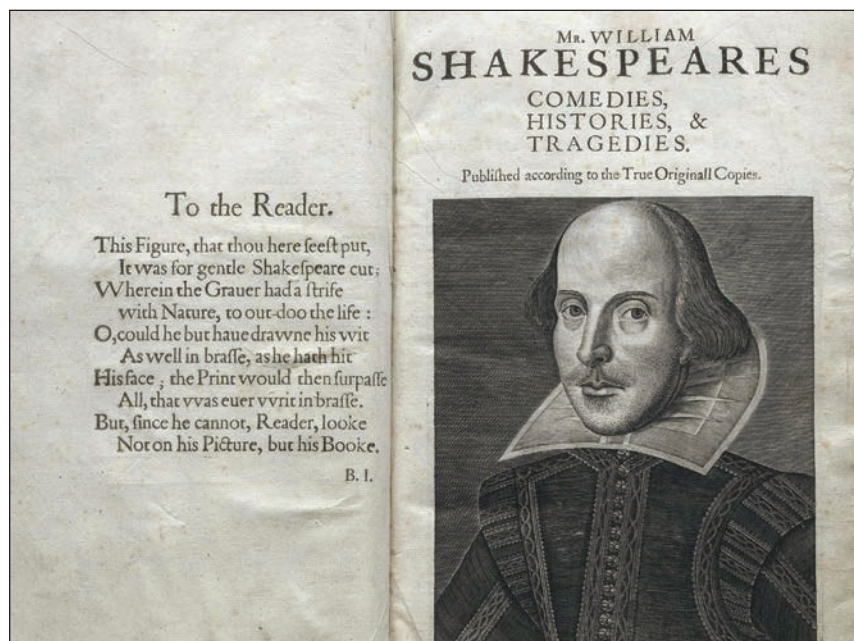
In less than a decade, however, Buckley was referring to Truman's presidency as a "happy memory." Why the abrupt shift? By the late 1960s and early '70s, the anti-anti-Communists (better known as the New Left) had become ascendant in the history departments of many of our most distinguished universities. The revisionism they practiced proclaimed that it was not Stalin but Truman, the man who had resisted Soviet aggression, who was responsible for the onset of the Cold War. "Harry Truman made many grievous mistakes," Buckley wrote, "but it is not his mistakes that are singled out for criticism, but his triumphs." ♦

Alvin S. Felzenberg is the author of the forthcoming A Man and His Presidents: The Political Odyssey of William F. Buckley Jr.

Bard for Life

The First Folio and the making of Shakespeare.

BY MICAH MATTIX



In case you've been living under a rock for the past several months, let me be the first to tell you that this year marks the 400th anniversary of William Shakespeare's death. There have been essays on nearly every aspect of the Bard's life: his religion, his money, his politics, his view of gender (of course!), and even his supposed dislike of dogs. Writers have speculated on how Shakespeare would have voted on Brexit—he'd have voted against it, we're told—and debated the relevance of *King Lear* in the Middle East. In the May 2 issue of this magazine, the eminent Shakespearean Paul A. Cantor wrote a wonderful piece on the critique of chivalry in Shakespeare and Cervantes (who died on the same day as Shakespeare), which you should read if you haven't already.

Micah Mattix is a contributing editor to THE WEEKLY STANDARD and associate professor of English at Regent University.

The Making of Shakespeare's First Folio

by Emma Smith
Bodleian Library, Oxford, 208 pp., \$35

Shakespeare's First Folio Four Centuries of an Iconic Book

by Emma Smith
Oxford, 320 pp., \$29.95

This is as it should be. Shakespeare deserves the attention, and the present scenario will likely be repeated to some degree in seven years when we celebrate the 400th anniversary of the publication of the First Folio, the first collected edition of 36 of Shakespeare's plays—18 previously published in quarto and 18 printed for the first time. Theater historians estimate that about one-sixth of all plays performed in the early modern period

(up until 1642 when the theaters were closed) are extant. Another sixth are known by their titles only. The other two-thirds are lost completely. Without the First Folio it is possible that we would have no *Macbeth*, no *Tempest*, no *Julius Caesar*.

In an effort, perhaps, to beat the competition to press, Emma Smith has published two books on the First Folio this year: one on why, and how, the book was published in the first place (*The Making of Shakespeare's First Folio*), which will be of most interest to general readers, and one (*Shakespeare's First Folio*) on its reception since its publication in 1623.

The most interesting question Smith tackles in her first book is why Shakespeare's plays were collected and published in folio in the first place. Shakespeare's popularity was generally on the decline both on stage and on page in the 10 years before 1623. As the King's Men performed more plays at their new indoor theater at Blackfriars after Shakespeare's retirement, sometime around 1613, they put on fewer and fewer of his plays, many of which were written for the open-air Globe. For the 1612-13 court season, 7 of the company's 18 plays were written by Shakespeare; 10 years later, just 1 Shakespeare play was included in the season's repertoire: *Twelfth Night*.

Sixteenth-century Shakespeare was "a valuable print commodity," Smith writes, and the Swiss scholar Lukas Erne has argued that Shakespeare had "a commanding bibliographic presence among the dramatists of his time." But the Bard's early-17th-century work was printed far less frequently. Of the 14 plays written and performed in the early 1600s, only 4 were printed before the First Folio and only 1 (*Pericles*) in multiple editions. While 33 individual editions of Shakespeare's work appeared in print from 1593 to 1602, the next nine years only saw 19 editions published. During the following nine—from 1613 to 1622—there were only 16.

In short, when he died in 1616, William Shakespeare was no longer the toast of London. There was no

“outpouring of elegies” for Shakespeare, Smith writes, as there was for the actor Richard Burbage in 1619; nor was he buried in Westminster Abbey, like his fellow playwright Francis Beaumont, who died that same year—or Ben Jonson, who died in 1637. “His monument in Holy Trinity Church Stratford,” Smith writes, “was probably completed within a couple of years of his death, but it commemorates Shakespeare as a local man rather than as a playwright.”

Why, then, did two actors from the King’s Men—John Heminges and Henry Condell—approach Edward Blount of St. Paul’s Churchyard about publishing a “complete” Shakespeare in expensive folio format a few years after the playwright’s death? One answer, obviously, is money. While Shakespeare may not have been as popular as he once was, there seems to have still been a market for his plays. We see this in the decision of the stationer Thomas Pavier to print six editions of Shakespeare’s plays (one collection of three plays and five additional plays printed separately) in 1619. Pavier’s Shakespeare collection may have needled the King’s Men into action. William Herbert, Lord Chamberlain at the time, lodged an injunction at the Stationers’ Company on behalf of the King’s Men: “It is thought fit and so ordered,” he wrote, “that no plays that his Majesty’s players do play shall be printed without consent of some of them.”

Whether the King’s Men had been planning to bring out a collected edition of Shakespeare’s plays before Pavier’s print run in 1619 or not, Pavier’s decision to print so many of Shakespeare’s works in a single year may have shown the company that his plays could still make money.

A second reason to publish a collected edition of Shakespeare’s plays is to honor and establish his and the company’s reputation. Even though it was actually cheaper to produce large amounts of text in folio than quarto, the folio format nevertheless “was a significant statement,” Smith writes, “about the value of the book’s con-

tents, and about its cultural aspirations,” as well as about the legacy of the company itself. Folio buyers would often have pages bound lavishly. The books were to be used—Shakespeare’s early readers often annotated the Folio extensively—but they were status symbols as well. Ben Jonson’s plays were published in folio in 1616, and this may have motivated Shakespeare or his colleagues to prepare a collected edition of his own.

If Smith sometimes overstates the aesthetic significance of the collaborative effort required to bring out

Whatever the reasons for publishing the First Folio, it was neither a huge success nor a flop. It wasn’t until the end of the 17th century, and largely because of the work of John Dryden, that Shakespeare’s reputation began to definitively surpass those of his contemporaries.

Shakespeare’s First Folio, her account of the various characters and their contributions in *The Making of Shakespeare’s First Folio* is an entertaining reminder that books are never entirely an author’s own.

Whatever the reasons for publishing the First Folio, it was neither a huge success nor a flop. While Jonson’s folio sold out in 24 years (a second edition was issued in 1640), Shakespeare’s sold out in 9. A third edition was printed in 1663-64 and a fourth in 1685. It wasn’t until the end of the 17th century, and largely because of the work of John Dryden,

that Shakespeare’s reputation began definitively to surpass those of his contemporaries. “I admire him,” Dryden wrote of Jonson in his *Essay of Dramatick Poesie* (1668), “but I love Shakespeare.” He “need[ed] not the spectacles of Books to read Nature.”

In *Shakespeare’s First Folio: Four Centuries of an Iconic Book*, Smith examines how the First Folio (and Shakespeare) came to be viewed over the years by critics, collectors, playwrights, and politicians, including David Garrick (1717-1779), John Horne Tooke (1736-1812), and, of course, Henry Clay Folger (1857-1930) and his wife Emily Jordan Folger (1858-1936), among others. While it is regularly stated that the First Folio is “one of the rarest books in the world,” as the *Guardian* put it last year, it is not. There is 1 copy of the first edition of *Venus and Adonis*, for example, and there are 11 copies of the 1640 Bay Psalm book, the first book to be printed in America. There are over 200 copies of the First Folio. Nor is it the most expensive book. Both the Gutenberg Bible and Audubon’s *Birds of America* have sold for more at auction.

Still, the book came to be valued by collectors and the public alike for various reasons: as a symbol of Englishness, of the greatness of English drama or Western art generally, of genius, even (for some) of radical politics. As Shakespeare’s fame grew after his death, so did the value of the First Folio.

Smith’s examination of how the First Folio was annotated and used in performances, as well as how it was acquired by collectors, makes for less compelling reading than her account of how the book was published. Irrelevant academic questions—such as why there were so few women involved in collecting the First Folio—add little to the scholarly value of the volume. What she does show is how differently the book was used by people across the globe—from England to America to South Africa—but also how universally Shakespeare’s plays spoke, and continue to speak, to people at different times and places. ♦

Making Room

Is there a place for Islam in the West?

BY ALEXANDER ORWIN

Pierre Manent has written an extraordinary book. It contains one statistic and no policy analysis, yet should be essential reading for policymakers. It cites no scholarly books, yet should be essential reading for scholars. How does Manent manage to appeal to so many readers despite making so few concessions to their particular methods and materials? The answer lies in the general relevance of his argument, along with the force, grace, and measure with which that argument is made.

The English translation is reliable but its title is designed to sell copies rather than reproduce the original. *La Situation de la France* might be rendered as *The Current State of France*, which captures Manent's starting point. He treats the political situation not as it was, should be, or might be in the indeterminate future but as it stands before our eyes. France is home to a substantial, poorly integrated Muslim community that has begun to commit acts of homegrown terrorism. Hopes that secularism, individual rights, or European integration will somehow resolve these problems appear increasingly hollow. Such abstract notions fail to engender the sense of community necessary both to understand the communal character of Islam and to offer Muslims a meaningful French community with which to engage.

Manent enriches our understanding of the issue with some brilliant historical perspective. Since the High Middle Ages, European politics has been characterized by a prolonged but fruitful struggle over political

Beyond Radical Secularism
How France and the Christian West Should Respond to the Islamic Challenge
 by Pierre Manent
 translated by Ralph C. Hancock
 St. Augustine's Press, 160 pp., \$24

form: The intermingling of empire, church, city, and state produced political forms unknown to the ancients, culminating in the modern nation. But the nation-state has been unfairly discredited by the abominable misinterpretation of it that yielded the Holocaust. Worse, the European Union that strives to replace the nation is unable to command the allegiance of actual European communities.

During these same centuries, Islamic civilization also flourished but did not attempt to reconfigure its imperial politics. Since the collapse of these empires, Muslims have struggled to adapt to smaller political units. Manent fears the consequences of an encounter between a French community that no longer appreciates the nation and a Muslim community that has never really lived in one. The French will invoke individual rights, and Muslims will invoke communal custom and law—but neither will learn to live profitably alongside the other in a single nation.

Manent hopes that the French will revitalize their nation and summon their Muslim community to join it. Since the Muslim community cannot integrate into the formless space of a Europe dominated by human rights and secularism, it is up to the French nation to offer it a political home. Yet this French nation is no longer the place consolidated by the Third

Republic: A new understanding of France is required, based on existing political resources—but also on a reinterpretation of them.

In keeping with the English title, Manent does, indeed, argue that the Roman Catholic church must help to redefine the nation, as it did during the Third Republic. Secularism should be understood as the basic separation of church and state in politics rather than the purging of religion from public life. The new nation will have a Christian mark while welcoming other faiths. The Jews, in particular, are singled out as close allies, equally privy to the biblical covenant and the French nation.

By Manent's reckoning, France must offer its Muslim community political concessions while simultaneously making political demands. Concessions would include halal menus in schools, the right to wear the hijab, unisex hours at swimming pools; demands would include a ban on practices incompatible with the French way of life, such as the burqa, polygamy, and the intimidation of "blasphemers." Manent's most fraught proposal, however, is to restrict the foreign funding of Muslim religious institutions: He argues plausibly that Muslim institutions financed by foreign countries whose way of life is anathema to France should *not* participate in French political life.

Pierre Manent writes for the French, never straying far from his specific cultural context. But the problem he treats concerns us, too. Public life in America is not as openly secularist as in France: As Manent observes, we (unlike the French) are willing to pray in public for our country. Our Muslim community is smaller, better educated, and unencumbered by a colonial past. Yet we face homegrown Islamic terrorism, a political elite half-inclined to ignore the problem, and demagogues who feed off it. We, too, need to articulate the character of our political society and explain how our growing Muslim community can be successfully integrated into it. ♦

Alexander Orwin is a fellow at the Program for Constitutional Government at Harvard.

Bob Dylan's Scandinavian Homesick Blues
(from "The New Bootleg Series," Vol. 38)

Olaf's up in Stockholm slurpin' down the Bordeaux
I've got a syndrome thinkin' 'bout the styrofoam
The man with the medal, long name, long speech
Says don't be outta reach, cancels me at Long Beach
Look out Swede, there's nothin' I need
Gates knows when but you're textin' me again
You better freak out at WikiLeaks makin' up a new trend
The man with the Trump Now! tat in his big den
Wants eleven million five, but you only got ten

Megyn comes, looks great, boss out with no date
Rumors that the press put bugs in his bed but
Phone's tapped (NSA), sources say to run away
They're all in disarray rappin' with the DJ
Look out Pete, don't Facebook or tweet
Plow through the cold snows, don't be no-shows
Better shirk at work from those that carry on with Countin' Crows
Strike a vain pose, write urbane prose
You don't need a GPS to know which way the van goes

Ah, old news, old shoes, swill a bit of cheap booze
Slept well, had a snooze, knew judges there were gonna choose
Have fun, go run, go nuts, go brood
Be rude, get sued, call a lawyer if you're screwed
Look out Sven, you got a dry pen
From cheese balls, slackers, old-time sleazeballs
Hangin' 'round with frackers
Guy with the Balzac lookin' for a new snack
Don't eat the crackers, watch for third-rate actors

Ah, phoned out, zoned out
Be brisk, take risk
Lutefisk, get lost
Get tossed, try so hard to defrost
Get stoned, get real, get pissed
Don't twerk, don't twist
60 years of singin' and they put you on the shortlist
Look out Lars, they'll take you to Mars
Better wolf down the reindeer, find yourself a plain beer
Don't catch Dane fear, you can't survive a train veer
Don't wanna be a hack, you better floss plaque
The lies won't take cuz this pain here makes the brain clear